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Our Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Liberty, a New England village. Dick is the son of John Graham, a workingman, who is afflicted to drink. His family come to want, and he loses his employment. He is finally put into jail on suspicion of robbery, which he did not commit. The forced abstinence from rum while imprisoned naturally helps to make more to reform. He is given work by a farmer, who pays his wages to Mrs. Graham, thus not allowing him to have any money to buy rum. Dick, then a lad, is taken as clerk in Mr. Webster's store. He proves himself industrious, zealous and faithful, and saves the store from robbery by trapping two burglars in the cellar. Dick has a boyish engagement with Sarah Gove, a girl of about his own age. Mr. Varney, a wealthy New York merchant, whose boy died home was in Liberty, revisited the place and renewed his old-time acquaintance with Mr. Webster, Dick's employer. He is attracted by the good qualities of Dick, and takes him into his employ in New York. Dick's fellow-clerks sneer at his temperance principles, and nickname him "Teetotaller Dick." They get Dick drunk by stratagem, in order that he may be prevented from mentioning to Mr. Varney that every drink, despite his rule to the contrary. Mr. Varney discovered the plot, and summarily discharged all the clerks implicated in it. John Thomson, a fellow-boarder of Dick's, but not in Mr. Varney's employ, reveals to Dick's rum of dying from the drugging and dosing, declared to Dick his resolve also to become a teetotaller, and a close friendship between the two was the result. Dick returns to Liberty on a short visit. Sarah Gove has become a school teacher; they find they have drifted apart, and while they continue their engagement, it is with the tacit understanding that if the feelings of either become repugnant to a marriage, it shall be broken. Mr. Varney determines to send Dick to Europe on business for the firm, which must be kept a secret, and no one knows where he has gone, or for what purpose. His room-mate on the steamer was a Mr. Corning, and the trip was most agreeable. On landing, Dick meets Frank Fulton, who was one of the clerks dismissed by Mr. Varney for being implicated in the trick upon Dick. The two young men renew their friendship. Dick's first business visit is made upon Mr. Jordan, a wealthy Liverpool merchant, who entertains him hospitably. Dick invites Fulton to breakfast with him, and the latter, while at the meal, relates the manner in which he freed himself from the drink habit, by going as supercargo of a sailing vessel. On the voyage, a gale caused the vessel to spring a leak, hundreds of miles from land.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES.

"Well," said the captain, "you'll have to work at the pumps like everybody else, and I'll put you in charge of a gang of men to take your trick when the time comes. If the leak doesn't gain on us we can keep the ship all right provided we don't have another gale."

"Day and night, night and day for four weeks," continued Fulton, "the pumps were kept going and we gained a trifle on the leak, or at all events didn't let it gain on us. If we could only have found out where it was we might have put a sail under it and stopped it, or reduced the inflow of water, but after several efforts the captain gave it up and contented himself with holding things as they were by means of the pumps.

"Grog was served to the men while they were at their unusual work, or rather at the end of each 'spell,' the captain considering himself fully justified in giving them this extra stimulus. After a few days it was found that their strength was diminishing and that they often turned into their bunks without taking anything else than the grog; they had an allowance of biscuit and meat, but half the time they wouldn't touch it.

"I suggested to the captain that it would be well to try an experiment by stopping the grog ration and giving coffee and cocoa instead along with the biscuit and meat at the end of every watch. He tried it, although he hadn't much faith in it, but to his surprise it worked to a charm. The men had a good appetite for their food, and devoured it with a relish; their strength came back; they were less fatigued with their exertions; and after working at the pumps every day for a month, they got into Capetown, Cape of Good Hope, in as good condition as any crew that ever reached South Africa."

"That's a good illustration of the disadvantage of alcoholic drinks in cases where extra exertion is required," Dick remarked as his friend paused. "I am not at all surprised at it, and the testimony is all the more remarkable when your captain was not a teetotaler."

"That's so," replied Fulton, "and I've often spoken of it. The captain told me that he thought the shipowners went into the temperance movement more because it was a saving of money than because they believed in it. In the early part of the century the service of grog on shipboard was universal, every man getting his ration of a gill a day and extra rations when the weather was unusually severe, or heavy work was required. They abolished the grog ration and gave nothing in its place, and thus made an important saving in expenses. Dana, in his admirable book, 'Two Years Before the Mast,' says that if the rules had required that every sailor on coming down from a yard or standing his trick at the wheel in a stormy night should be supplied with a pot of strong coffee or tea, he fears that in many cases Jack would have been allowed to go to ruin by the old road, as the grog ration would have been easier and cheaper to serve.

"Well, the Cape of Good Hope was my first land after leaving New York, and everything was strange and new to me. I had enough to do to keep me busy, as it was there that my duties as supercargo came in. The supercargo of a ship is, as his title implies, the manager of the cargo, and he has nothing to do with sailing the craft. While she is at sea he is no more than a passenger and the captain can treat him just the same as one. When he gets to port the situation changes and the supercargo becomes the man of importance."

It was found necessary to discharge the cargo to get at the leak and repair it properly and it happened fortunately for me that the kind of goods we had on board were just then in great demand at the Cape. We had a lot of American cottons, cheap cottons, blue and white, and as luck would have it two English ships that were coming with cargoes of those things had been wrecked on the west coast of Africa and it would be some time before fresh cargoes could arrive. I sold the goods at auction and realized much better on them than if we had gone to China and then took in a cargo of Cape wool for England, as freights were high and ships in demand, owing to the wreck of the two English ones."

"But wasn't it a violation of your orders to go to England when you had been sent to China?" Dick asked.

"Literally, it was," replied Fulton, "but it was in accordance with my duties to do so. It has been held in law and custom that while a supercargo is ordinarily bound to carry out the order of the shipper, an emergency may arise, when he should disregard them and act upon his own judgment, either with or without the advice of his captain. The old-time rule was and is, 'obey orders if you break owners,' but the practice is for the supercargo to use his judgment where he clearly sees that a literal obedience to orders would be injurious to the shipper's interest.

"The result of my action was that the ship made a handsome profit on the voyage, as I found a good cargo for New York as soon as I had discharged in London. The owners complimented me and made me a handsome present in money, and then they sent me out on another voyage to China in the same ship with higher pay and increased powers as to the disposal of the cargo.

"We got to China without any accident, though we were in two or three heavy gales that threatened to blow our sails to ribbons. I say we got to China without accident, but we didn't get into Canton without trouble. Off the coast as we were working up towards the great southern port of the empire we were becalmed and lay without so much as a breath of wind. The captain was very uneasy, and after watching the shore where several junks were lying as dead as ourselves he called me into the cabin and said:

"Mr. Fulton, it's possible we may have a tussle with the pirates before we get out of this calm. This is just the place for them, and if they come on us we must give them the hottest kind of a reception, as it will be a fight for our lives. If they capture the ship all are murdered, every man of us. There are no pirates in the world who believe more firmly than do these Chinese devils that 'dead men tell no tales.' Every white prisoner will have his throat cut from ear to ear before he is flung overboard, as they don't mean that he shall get away by swimming.'

"This was a part of the risks of a supercargo that was not mentioned in my instructions, and I didn't like it a bit. But of course there was no help for it, and we got ready to fight in case we had occasion for it.

"The captain called the men together and made a speech to them; the arm-chest was got up and muskets, pistols and ammunition laid out for serving. We didn't prepare any too soon, for just as we had straightened things and the men had changed watch, we saw two long snake-boats coming out from the shore and making straight for us."

"What's a snake-boat?" Dick asked.

"It's a long, low boat, propelled by oars, chiefly used by smugglers and pirates. It's more like a European boat than any other Chinese craft, as it is built for speed, while the rest of them are square, lubberly things, with a model that any decent builder would be ashamed of. Our captain said the Chinese vessels are called junks in Chinese. They are out off wherever wanted, from a craft a mile or two long, on the principle of a bologna sausage. You slash off a chunk whenever you want it.

"You know that one of my amusements used to be shooting at a mark, and I was pretty handy with a rifle. I had practiced a good deal at sea, and could hit a bottle nearly every time when it was hung from the end of the foreyard while I stood by the stern. The captain sent me into the rigging, and told me to pay particular attention to the fellows who were steering, and also to the scoundrels with the stink-pots."

"What are stink-pots?" queried Dick.

"The Chinese pirates fight on the skunk or polecat principle," said Fulton; "they try to stink out their enemy and very often they do it. They fill an earthen jar with a lot of vile things that asphyxiate Europeans; no European can stand in the neighborhood of one of these pots, but a Chinaman doesn't seem to be greatly troubled by it. When they come alongside of a ship they are trying to capture they throw one of these pots on her deck; the fragile crockery breaks, the vile compound spreads about and oh how it stinks! The defenders are driven from that part of the ship and the pirates take possession, or at all events they get on board.

"Well, along came the snake-boats and when they were within range we gave them a dose of lead and canister. You may think it strange that we fired without waiting to see what they wanted, but that isn't the custom of the Chinese coast. They couldn't be coming for any good and it wasn't time for politeness.

"I picked off the man who was steering the foremost of the two boats, and sent him sprawling on the floor of his craft. Another man took his place, but as the fellow tumbled he turned the steering oar to one side and sent the boat off her course. This gave me a chance for another shot, and I improved it by taking the steersman of the other boat and next hitting the new wheeler on the first.

"They were game rascals, and the loss of these steersmen didn't make them turn back. Soon as they could get their course they came on again, and though we raked them with a volley and disabled several of the rowers, they got both boats alongside.

"The mate was ready for them with a basket of hand grenades, and the cook had a big cauldron of hot water, which was expected to come handy. And it did come handy, too. The cook was a darkey from Philadelphia, and knew how to handle a bucket as well as the best of 'em; as the first of the snake boats came under our bows, Sam dowsed it with scalding water in a way that made the pirates howl. At the same time I caught sight of a fellow trying to heave a stink-pot, and I brought him down with my rifle, pot and all. The perfumery case broke as he tumbled on it and the Chinese got the benefit of the stuff that was in it.

"Well, it wasn't a long fight, as the whole thing from the first shot to the last, wasn't a quarter of an hour; to make the story as short as the fight was, we beat off the pirates and kept them from coming on board the ship. How many we killed I don't know, and as a breeze came up about that time and filled our sails, we didn't stop to inquire. We were in a great hurry, you may believe, as we knew that other boats would come out from the shore with more men as soon as the defeated ones got back and told their story."

"What would they have done with the ship if they had captured it?" Dick asked.

"First they would have killed everybody on board, as I told you. Then they would have plundered the ship of all they could get out of her, either where she was lying or by warping her in shore and doing the business leisurely. After everything was out of her they would have set her on fire and if nobody gave the thing away to the government our fate might never have been known. In former times many a ship disappeared in this way in the China and Java seas and nothing was ever heard of her. Piracy is being diminished a good deal now-a-days by the consulting gunboats of the Chinese government. They are light draft steamers, officered by Europeans and 'crewed' by Chinese; they are constantly patrolling the coast, running into every bay and harbor, and where a nest of pirates is known to exist, it is quickly broken up."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE.

"We got to Canton all right after this," said Fulton, "or rather we got to Whampoa Anchorage, eight miles below Canton. Deep draught ships can't get up to the city on account of the shoal water in the Pearl river, which is navigable only for craft of 1,000 tons burthen or less. Foreign ships all stop at Whampoa, with the exception of small ones and the foreign steamboats that run between Hong Kong and Canton. The two cities are only 90 miles apart and there's a steamer each way every day.

"The captain hired a sampan, or native boat, to take us to Canton and we went up the river at very good speed, as we had both wind and tide with us. The river was full of boats of all kinds, Chinese, of course, and as their navigation is none of the best they often run into each other. Twice we had collisions with other boats, but got off without any serious injury. Our boat was manned by two men and two women, and the women did quite as much of the work as the men. The family of the captain and owner lived on board and the two youngest of the four or five children were tied up to prevent their getting overboard. Sometimes, instead of tying them up, they attach wooden floats to the children by means of cords around their waists, with four or five feet of cord between the child and the block of wood. If the youngster tumbles overboard the cord serves the double purpose of becoming entangled in the side of the boat and holding him, or, if it is not caught, the little fellow can be picked up by means of the float and cord. The captain says these river Chinese swim naturally, and can take care of themselves in the water as soon as they are able to walk.

"A bend in the river brought us in sight of the great city. On the other side of the stream was the island of Honan, covered with trees, and on this island we could see the roofs of temples and other buildings. The river was covered with boats, and the captain said they lodged the famous boat population of Canton that you've read about. There are more than sixty thousand people living on the water, not for a part of the year, or for a few years, but all their lives! They are born there and die there, and are not allowed to have houses on land.

"We hadn't time to stop for sight-seeing, but went straight to the foreign concession where the European offices, or 'factories,' as they call them, are situated. They are on a little island called Shamien, which is connected with the mainland by a bridge, and a guard is stationed there to keep off any native who has no legitimate business there. When the English were at war with China on account of the opium trade, the Chinese burned all the buildings on Shamien and levelled the foundations, but when peace was restored and the foreigners came back, the buildings was restored and it was arranged that the natives should not be allowed to set foot there except for good reasons. The native population is not very well disposed toward foreigners, and it is no wonder seeing that the foreigners have done a great many things to the injury of Chinese commerce. When they couldn't persuade the Chinese to their way of thinking they turned their guns on them and you know there's no argument so forcible with these barbarous people in the East as a cannon unless it be two or three or a thousand cannons.

"We discharged our cargo by means of lighters which were sent down from Canton and then took in a new cargo in the same way. I didn't have much time for sight-seeing until the ship was discharged and loaded again and then while the captain was taking on provisions and water I had a couple of days to run around in."

"If you ever go to Canton," said Fulton, "don't miss the gardens where they make a business of dwarfing trees and plants so that they resemble birds, beasts, houses, boats and other things. They do this by tying pieces of bamboo to the limbs and then tightening the bandages every day till little by little they get the plant into the desired shape. Some of the shapes take many years for their development.

"Close by one of the gardens is a place where they hatch eggs and ducks by artificial heat, and on the river near the hatchery you'll see men herding ducks. A herder takes a hundred or more ducks and swims them about awhile he keeps close to them with a small boat. The implement of his authority is a long pole, and if a duck tries to stray beyond the limits he gets a rap with the pole that fetches him back with a round turn. The ducks obey him as sheep obey their shepherd, and it's astonishing to see what control he has over them. They are trained to fish as soon as they can swim, and the pole is a convincing argument if they try to break the rules. They herd geese in the same way, and both the geese and the ducks get a good part of their living from the river.

"You'll want to see the whole of the city at once, and the best way to do it will be to go to the 'Five-Storied Pagoda' which stands on a hill and can be seen a long way off. From one side you look down on the city and on the other on an immense cemetery, our captain said the city had a million inhabitants and the cemetery another million and perhaps two or three. Our guide was a Chinese who spoke pretty fair English; he said the cemetery had the most inhabitants, but there were no all dead ones. I don't know which place is the most crowded, as the Chinese live in very narrow quarters and you could house as many of them on an acre as you could find graves for on the same extent of ground.

"There are many other things I could tell you about," said Fulton, looking at his watch, "but I must be off in a few minutes. I got through my business all right, made a good transaction both in selling the out cargo and buying the home one, and when I got back the owners sent me here to live as their representative. Before leaving home I went to the insurance agent I told you of and got the policy I had vainly tried for two years before. In all that time I hadn't touched a drop of liquor and you don't know how much better I felt and how proud I am of my triumph over myself and my appetite for drink. I'm doing well here and a month from now am to be married to the daughter of a merchant with whom we have a good deal of business. If I hadn't quit the bottle and its contents I shouldn't have been here and able to tell you the story that you've just heard."

He rose to go for the breakfast was over and business hours had arrived. Dick followed him to the door and before they separated it was arranged that they should keep in communication whether they met again or not during Dick's stay in Liverpool. Each naturally saw that he might be useful to the other in a business way and they were further more drawn together by the vicissitudes through which they had passed, and their kindred feelings about the curses of drink.

In the intervals of attending to business Dick "took in" the sights of London and found the city full of interest, as it is to most Americans who go there for the first time. He had read much of the Tower of London and of Westminster Abbey, and these were the buildings that he was especially impatient to see. He lingered long over the tombs in the Abbey and was loth to leave the Poets' corner, about which so much has been said and written. In fact he went two or three times to the Abbey and the last hour of his leisure time before before leaving for the Continent was spent in the venerable building.

One day he made an excursion down the Thames to Greenwich, where he dined at the famous ship tavern, visited the Royal Naval school, walked to the famous park, and set his watch to the hour of Greenwich observatory, which gives the time for the whole of England, and is the central point of longitude for the whole civilized world. Then he went to the Seamen's hospital, where scores of all nations are cared for, and walked through the long corridors and among the curious paintings until he was pretty well wearied with the exertion. But he felt more than repaid for all his trouble, and spent the evening in writing out an account of what he had seen.

From London he went over the channel to Paris. The day when he crossed was stormy and foggy, and the boat on which he took passage had a narrow escape from a collision with one that was making the transit the other way. He was not surprised to learn that on the average a collision occurs every twelve or fifteen months in which one or both the boats are seriously injured. A passenger with whom he talked on the subject recalled a fearful experience of that sort in which many passengers were drowned and others barely escaped with their lives.

"Some day," said he, "we will have a tunnel under the Channel, and then the perils of the crossing will be greatly reduced. Besides the perils there is the horror of seasickness, which keeps a great many people from undertaking the trip at all. It is true the voyage is a short one, but it is very uncomfortable, even as it is. Most of those who crosses the Atlantic without being disturbed at all has fallen a victim to the toughness of the 'Silver Streak,' as the English love to call this strip of water that separates them from the continent."

Of late years there has been much talk about a tunnel under the channel somewhere in the English Channel or Dover and Calais, but up to the time of writing nothing serious has been accomplished. Experimental borings have been made, and the engineers say there is no reason why the tunnel cannot be constructed, provided the money is supplied, and the French and English railways stand ready to supply it, but a large number of military men in England are opposed to the project through fear of an invasion from France, and their influence has been sufficient to scare Parliament into a refusal of the charter desired by the men who are willing to undertake the enterprise. The nation that has called herself the mistress of the seas is timid in not easy to understand when over the scheme is discussed. Perhaps in time she may be shamed out of her cowardice, and the tunnel so imperatively demanded by commerce and travel will be permitted.

Dick had do business matters to detain him in Paris, so consequently his stay in the French capital was brief. Mr. Varney had given him permission to spend a certain amount of time in sight seeing, but the period covered by this permission was necessarily short, as the exigencies of business required that his orders should not be delayed in the execution. He spent only two days in Paris, but by imitating the example of Cook's tourists and hurrying right about he was able to "do" the city in that time. His knowledge of the language was of great advantage to him, and he realized the force of the remark that he who goes to a country of which speech he is ignorant, goes to school. He met several of his countrymen, and was generally amused with the accounts of their difficulties in trying to speak French.

One of them who wanted to ask for *rosbif* (roast beef) in a restaurant, had asked instead for *roseau* (reed). They tried to explain that he was not in the right establishment, and at length sent out and brought him a bundle of bulrushes from a dealer in such articles in small quantities by. He thus learned that *rosbif* and *roseau* are entirely different things.

Another who wished a glass of hot water and had primed himself to remember that it was called *l'eau chaude* got himself into metaphoric hot water by mixing up syllabics and transposing things so that he asked for *l'eau de melon*. The waiter, an English speaking waiter came to his relief, and explained that while the establishment could supply cow's, goat's and asses' milk to order it had not yet arranged for a stock of feline milk, nor was he able to say where it could be obtained.

Another man got himself into trouble by addressing a cabman as *cochon* (pig) instead of *cocher* (coachman). Naturally the driver was indignant at the insult, but the difficulty was explained, and the wounds to the man's self respect were healed by the application of financial salve in the shape of a five franc piece.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Published by request.

He who died at Azan* sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! *It* lies, I know
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine—It is not 'I.'"
Sweet friends, what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk, my soul has passed;
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars,
Which kept him from the splendid stars?

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye left upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed the while it hid
The treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now Thy word is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet we weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom we called dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging Paradise
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught
That here is all, and there is naught:
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death
Now, I know, is the first breath
Which our souls first draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea,
Thou Love divine! Thou Love always!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

*The hour of evening prayer in Moslem communities.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc.

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

CHAPTER XX CONTINUED.

But Lazarus, who had often heard this sound as of a torrent, said again:

"It is naught, dearest. Thou shalt come to the Temple dry-shod. Keep up thy strength and despair not."

He had no time to comfort her as his heart would. He felt a dumb fear lest the other stone door were barred too. He redoubled his pace and Zahara followed downward. At this moment his foot splashed sandal-deep in water. He stopped. They listened; he stood with his arm protectingly over her shoulder, she with her head upon his heart. The maiden's ears had not been deceived. The murmuring of dashing water was now clearly distinguishable. Lazarus thought they were within 20 feet of the bottom of the descent. They were beneath the Tyropœan valley. He fancied he could hear the breathing of the city as it slept. He could not believe that it was water at his feet. He stooped, and fell backward as he did so. He touched and tasted. "It is fey as the snows of Lebanon," he murmured to himself.

"What is it?" asked Zahara. "Why go we not on? It is cold and I am tired. Is it much further to the Temple?" A low, gurgling noise was now heard. It seemed to come from the ascent ahead of them. Zahara gave a little cry.

"Water!" cried Zahara. "I feel it in front of me. I know it!" Lazarus could not answer. The horror of the situation completely unmanned him. He stooped again, and his hands followed those of Zhara and groped down the descent. The tips of their fingers, their hands, their wrists were enveloped in a pool of cold water. The depth at their feet was increased. His right hand upheld Lazarus lest his head, bade Zahara stand still, and madly plunged down. He slipped. He was waist-deep, shoulder deep, before he knew it. The water climbed him to the narrow. It dragged him down. It now flashed upon him for the first time that this was a part of the High Priest's diabolical plot. Annas, in league with Judas of Kerioth, had drowned them! Help me!" and made a mighty effort to regain his footing. The girl, in the meantime, had unwound her brilliant Damascus shawl; it was fully eight feet long. She had retreated so that the flood only bathed her feet.

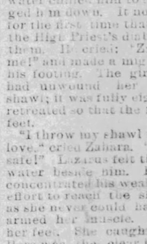
"I throw my shawl to thee, Lazarus, my love," cried Zahara. "Seize it and thou art safe!" Lazarus felt the drapery touch the water beside him. He said nothing, but concentrated his weakened body upon the effort to reach the shawl. Zahara pulled as she never could have done before love armed her muscles. Lazarus was soon at her feet. He caught her by the arm. It was as the clear brain, now, and the strong body. Lazarus was an exhausted man.

"We must away and back, or the flood will overwhelm us," she cried, authoritatively.

The waters bubbled beneath them like an infernal spring. The torrent chased them and licked their feet. The snippet time permitted their footing, and they fell. Then they crawled upon their hands and knees. They struggled to their feet and feebly ran, and gained a distance hand in hand. Now and again they stopped and heard the waters gurgling below, behind them. Then, despairingly, they climbed again. The darkness hung thick upon their path. Lazarus thought only cling, and when they stopped they kissed. They could not speak. Now Lazarus began to grow weaker. Zahara took him by one hand and dragged, and then by both hands, while she backed up the ascent, sitting on each step, to get a better chance to pull her lover. As she did so, the water hissed and swirled and caught them.

There was a roar above. It was the echo of the water below. Now Zahara panted. Her heart gave way. Then the steps ceased, and there was a level walk for a few feet. Lazarus recovered breath. They staggered and ran, if such feeble steps could be called running. The reverberations in the tunnel increased. They heard the waters ripple upon the floor of the passage. Another ascent came. There were no steps. The water poured upon them. It was so steep and slippery that they could not make headway. Zahara led the way. Beaten back, they stopped for breath and courage. The respite was too much for Lazarus. He fainted. Zahara supported him until the weight proved too heavy for her strength, then let him sink toward the torrent; she fell down beside him, and drew his head upon her bosom. She thought him dead. She knew her own end would come soon. She heard the profluence of water with a kind of large indifference. How long would it take until the pool of death overwhelmed her? What cared she? She would die like a Queen, for her King was there. The flood arose. Her waist was submerged. She lifted her lover's face higher towards her own. She was ready for the last kiss.

CHAPTER XXI.



FACE to face with a hideous death, Zahara's mind made a sudden bound into a train of thought quite foreign to her.

"Here is a chance for that Nazarene fellow! If he were what LAzarus thinketh him, I would that he were here to experiment on our calamity." At this moment the lips of Lazarus moved, and the fainting man muttered something with agonizing indistinctness. Zahara bent desperately trying to hear what he said—to catch his last dear word. The water had reached his throat; she tried to raise his head a little higher on her breast; her own form rocked in the rising torrent; as she stooped, the water poured into her mouth and she gasped with the cold shock. The head of her lover drooped and fell.

"Master!" murmured the drowning man. "Lord, forgive me, for I loved thee all the while—"

"Lazarus!" called Zahara, with a piercing cry, "arouse thee! The water recedes!" As she spoke these words the current sank suddenly; it made a strong, sucking sound, as if the water were drawn off by some powerful agency and whirled away into the darkness of an unknown pit. A torch flared and light filled the ghastly death-trap, out of which she looked up, trembling to see the haggard countenance of the High Priest, her father.

The facts of the situation were covered by a few words. Rebecca, the slave, had been devoured by agony and indecision. Between distress for her mistress and terror for herself, the girl's tongue had halted a little too long. Who could blame her? Death was an easy penalty to inflict upon a disobedient servant in those dark days; power like that of Annas was royal. A girl's life would have gone out at the beck of his ringed finger, and who would have given it a thought? Rebecca, in short, was afraid to "tell." It was not until a guardsman brought her the terrible report that the High Priest, for vengeance on his daughter's lover, had turned the water of the Temple cistern loose into the shaft, that Rebecca fled shrieking to Annas, flinging the words into his cold ears.

"Thy daughter, my mistress, the lady Zahara, perisueth with Lazarus!"

Cursing the girl with every anathema that agony and the ecclesiastical mind suggested, the wretched father ran to the rescue of his murdered child. The Younger Levite was dispatched upon the wings of the wind, to turn the waters from the vault, by the secret process known only to the Temple and the Priesthood. But this, alas, took time—and time there was none to spare. Annas flung open the slide behind the grape-vine, sick with terror, duly prepared that before the waters could be drawn off, Zahara, the princess of the most distinguished priestly house of that age would have been drowned by the hand of her own father like vermin in a crack.

The discovery that the torrent had been already drawn from the tunnel stupefied Annas. For a moment, the question—Who did it? shot through his mind with a force that deadened his emotion at the sight of his daughter's living face. At first he did not speak to the poor girl, who crawled to meet him, dragging her unconscious lover in her arms. Had Lazarus learned the secret of brazen screws and hidden springs, and sacra mysteries known only to the altar, and the sacred craft? The High Priest flung a glance of scowling hate at the prostrate man. But this one was enough. That limp, helpless figure, that ghastly face, those lifeless arms? Plainly these had never performed the subtle and perilous feat. Clearly it was almost if not altogether a drowned man who lay so piteously at the priest's feet. The countenance of Annas now expressed the acutest conflict of which it was capable. Let us see!

"Father," moaned Zahara, "Father, we perish. Save us if thou lovest me!"

The High Priest made no reply. He stepped from the vault scornfully, and slowly turned his back.

"Father," cried Zahara, "Dear father!" The girl abased herself, falling to her face upon the floor, and Annas caught at the hem of the priestly garment and waved it. Then with averted face, the High Priest spoke:

"I see I save. Thou art the daughter of my house, and the child of my loins. Death thou deservest, for thou has brought disgrace upon the name of Annas—but these I save. Follow me from this place of shame. Him who hath wrought us this scandal I save not. Leave him to his fate, and attend my will."

"Nay, then!" cried Zahara, proudly, "if thou leavest my beloved, thou leavest me. I stir not from this living tomb without him."

She clasped the unconscious man the closer in her arms, and obstinately seated herself on the wet limestone, as if she intended to remain there. Lazarus had now partially regained consciousness, but not to such an extent as to recognize the facts of the situation.

His heavy head stirred upon the girl's breast, his hand sought hers, delicately he lifted it to his cold lips and said it down.

"Zahara!" he murmured, "we die together. Thou art a holy woman. Pray thou for my spirit."

There was something in the reverence of these words, and of the unconscious man's refined caress, which impressed the High Priest in spite of himself. Those were rude times, and to look upon love among the highest of men and women; the suspicions of the incensed father were fully justifiable—but had he here the signs of a coarse amour? Annas hesitated with himself for a perceptible instant before he spoke again. Zahara made the most of the instant; she clasped his knees and clung to her father, and spoke words that would have moved a worse father than the High Priest to something like relenting.

"Let us from this ghastly place!" cried Zahara. "As thou art a man and a priest, and as thou art a father—let us out into God's air! He dieth here within minutes and I with him. Save us, my angels. Let us, lord, O my father, for I go not out without him, though I perish."

"Girl, thou goest as I will," replied the High Priest icily. "Guard *s*, take the lady, thy mistress. Deal with her gently, but if she follow not without force, force be it. Return Zahara to the palace of her father."

"Father, for the first time in all the cruel story of that night, Zahara shrieked, and a goodly feminine shriek it was. The girl clasped her two beautiful arms stoutly about her lover and sat like a sphinx, as it she were carven from the limestone vault. Cry after cry rang from her lips like the appeals of a dying woman. Rebecca, hearing piercing sounds, started the rumor that her mistress was being murdered, and in a moment half the slaves and officers of the palace were rushing to the scene. The scandal was becoming too public and too serious to be subdued. Annas uttered a holy oath, and turned upon his heel.

"Out with the dog of a Pharisee then! Throw him over the palace wall into the high road and leave him to his fate. Take my lady Zahara to her own apartments and be done with the abominable business, and hold ye your tongues about it, or I tear them out by the roots!"

This order was quickly and deftly obeyed. Lazarus and Zahara were literally torn apart, and thrust, the one, unconscious, into the litter by the other, pleading and weeping, toward the palace. The slaves scattered, terrified. The guards followed the miserable princess. The High Priest and the young Levite were left alone.

"Thou hast been to the temple and returned?" inquired Annas. "And hast done the deed that I commanded?"

"The deed was done," replied the Levite. "When I reached the Temple, lo, the waters had been turned off from the hidden passage into the pools before me. Likewise some power had evidently opened the river conduit from the bottom of the passage into the Tyropœan sewer, for the flood received with strange swiftness, even as I shuddered my torch and looked."

"Mysterious!" muttered Annas. "I understand not the matter. No underling now sent up in the Temple knoweth the secret of the conduits. Who had handled them?"

"There is a tale that goeth among the priests," suggested the Levite timidly. "I scarcely know whether to bear it unto thee. But I did find a curious rumor stirring in the Temple."

"I demand the whole of it!" cried Annas impetuously. "Tell me all they prated of, and instantly!"

"It was said," returned the Levite, hesitating, "that a stranger did appear in the Temple. About the time of the turning of the waters, before I reached the Temple, though I ran all the way, as never have I run since I entered the holy service—a man was observed to come forth from the underground passage, and to cross behind the altar. One spoke to him, but he answered not. It was the dim hour of the night and the lamps were low before him. No person recognized the face of the stranger. He moved like a man having authority, and did wave them away with a gesture of his hand, so that they did take him to be a priest of great rank, and dared not meddle with him."

"Where did he go? Who was he?" demanded Annas eagerly and angrily.

"My lord," whispered the Levite, "who he was I know not; but some say that it was—"

"Well, what then? Out with it? Who was the fellow?"

"He passed out of the Temple, and into the open street," said the Levite cautiously. "He did walk as a man who feareth naught. A doorkeeper followed him, and regarded him, and sweareth by the God of our Fathers that it was the Nazarene."

"But that, we know, is impossible," added the Levite, soothingly, "for the fellow is traveling and preaching somewhere—yonder beyond Jordan, I have heard the rabble say. At all events he is not in Jerusalem."

The High Priest made no reply.

Toward the middle watch of that night, Abraham, the servant of Lazarus, having been despatched by the anxiety of Mary in search of her brother, stumbled upon the exhausted man, lying helpless at the roadside in a dark spot in the shadow of a tower, wherein it so befell that no person had discovered him, either to molest or relieve. Lazarus had partially recovered his consciousness; but his mind wandered still, and his physical power was as a very low ebb.

Abraham managed to procure a litter for his master—at that hour of the night this was no easy task—and took him home as quickly and quietly as possible under the circumstances. Needing extra assistance, Abraham stopped upon the way, and sought it of Baruch, the neighbor of Lazarus, who gave it heartily, accompanying the slave and the bearers to the house of Simon the Leper. Martha was asleep; but Mary's sweet face peered anxiously from the doorway as the litter halted. Baruch hastily advanced and explained the matter to her.

"No one knoweth the cause of this mishap," he said gently, "least of all. But much I fear that Lazarus hath been hardly dealt with. Say thou naught of it. Thy brother is a man of eminence and the tongues of these times wag easily. Say thou that he is ailing, and keep all men from the doors till he doth recover."

This caution was of the wisest; but it proved almost impossible to follow the advice. By morning, Lazarus lay in his own bed, a very sick man. Rumors of his condition, mingled with wild tales of strange causes for it, had got afloat. Bethany was astir and Jerusalem gossiped. Talkative neighbors gadded about the hamlet and messages of curiosity in the name of sympathy besieged the doors of the sick man's home.

To all of these the sisters of Lazarus returned courteous but dignified replies, indicating their desire that neighborly service should remain at a distance until summoned, and expressing the quiet conviction that their brother's health would be quickly re-instated. By the morning of the second day the condition of Lazarus became so serious that Mary, more sensitive, and, therefore, less hopeful than her sister, was overwhelmed with the acutest anxiety. She now gave herself entirely to the sick-room, which she did not suffer herself to leave, even for the most necessary food and rest. Martha attended to the house and to the messages from the outside world. The leading physicians of Jerusalem came and went. Servants and silent tongues. Lazarus was sinking perceptibly.

Upon the evening of the fifth day of his illness Lazarus turned his face toward the light and feebly opened his eyes. Between him and the coscient a woman's face hung with an anguish inexpressible. It was Mary, his sister, calm and pale. The intensity of her love and anxiety gave dark power to her eyes, which burned like flames of anguish before him. Lazarus weakly lifted his head, and observing the other persons present in the room, indicated by a motion of his hand and eyelids that he wished them removed.

His wish was regarded, as the whim of the dangerously sick are, and Mary was left for a few moments alone with him, as he seemed to desire.

As soon as the sick man had secured himself of this fact, he muttered the name of Mary with a disconsolate, despairing sigh, and threw one arm over his forehead thoughtfully, as if some burden weighing upon his confused thought. This, she saw, he found difficult to do, that he despaired of it, and his effort and despair intensified his evident suffering. Mary gathered her wits, and thought swiftly. She knew little of the world and less of love; but even Mary had divined that a woman might be found at the bottom of all the miseries which had befallen her brother.

"Dear Lazarus," she murmured. "I understand. Whatever thou wilest, I will do—for her—or for thee. Tell me her name."

Strugg

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.

THAT OVER THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

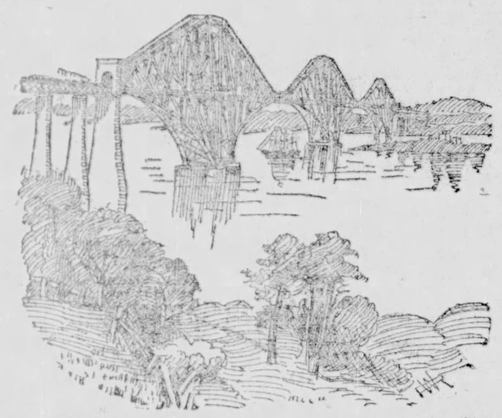
Longest in the World—A Typical "Cantilever"—Details of the Enormous Structure—Built in Six Years.

On March 4 the great railway bridge over the Firth of Forth, Scotland, was formally opened, by the Prince of Wales, with great ceremony. This bridge is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill. Various projects had from time to time been mooted for the bridging of the firth, but were one by one abandoned. In 1881, however, the North British, Great Northern, Northeastern and Midland railway companies, being anxious to attain direct communication to the north of Scotland, which should enable them to compete with the west coast companies for this traffic on equal if not more favorable terms, instructed their respective consulting engineers to report on the matter.

On May 4, 1881, these engineers submitted a joint report, the result of prolonged consultations, unanimously agreeing that the steel cantilever bridge designed by Sir John Fowler and Mr. B. Baker fulfilled all the necessary conditions, and was the least expensive and most suitable design for bridging the Firth of Forth. By the close of 1882 the contract was let to the combined firm of Messrs. Tancred, Arrol & Co., who forthwith commenced active operations.

What a "Cantilever" Is.

The word "cantilever," which denotes a bracket, is becoming rapidly popularized. In the Forth bridge, it will be seen from the annexed diagram, the brackets are double, being placed back to back and fastened together. No better illustration of the cantilever can be given than that of Mr. Baker's "human cantilever"—



namely, two men sitting on chairs, with extended arms, and supporting the same by grasping sticks butting against the chairs. In the Forth bridge the chairs must be imagined to be placed a third of a mile apart, and the men's heads to be 360 feet above the ground. Their arms are represented by huge steel lattice members, and the sticks or props by steel tubes twelve feet in diameter and one inch and a quarter thick.

No novelty is claimed for the cantilever system. It is, as a matter of fact, a prehistoric arrangement, as illustrated in the stone corbel and lintel combinations found in the earliest Egyptian and Indian temples.

Passing on to the leading dimensions of the Forth bridge, the total length of the structure is 8,296 feet, or nearly one and five-eighth miles; and there are two spans of 1,710 feet, two of 680 feet, from approach viaduct spans of 168 feet, four granite arches of 37 feet span on the south shore, with three arches of similar construction and 25 feet span at the corresponding northern abutment. A clear headway of 150 feet at high water spring tides is allowed. The extreme height of the structure is 361 feet above high water, the greatest depth of the foundations being about ninety feet below the same level.

Huge Piles of Masonry.

The main masonry piers, three in number, situated respectively on the south shore, on the island of Inchgarvie (an island fortuitously midway between the two deep channels) and on the Fife shore, consist each of a group of four masonry columns of concrete or rubble faced with granite, and 40 feet in diameter at the top by 36 feet high; resting either on solid rock, as in the case of the Fife and two northern Inchgarvie piers, or on caissons filled with concrete, as in the case of the two southern Inchgarvie and the Queensferry piers.

The erection of the so-called vertical tubes over the main piers formed the first stage after the completion of the bed plates and skew tracks. These columns are twelve feet in diameter and 340 feet high. They were built to a height of about 30 feet by means of ordinary cranes supported on timber staging. The remainder of their erection was performed from a platform, which, elevated by means of hydraulic lifting presses working inside the columns, was carried up with them. The platform, which was raised about sixteen feet at a lift, carried with it all necessary cranes, rivet furnaces, etc., in addition to shelter for the men. Access to the platform was gained by means of cages similar to those employed in mines, and actuated in a like manner by winding engines, all material, etc., being similarly wound up to the platform ready for erection.

The riveting of the work was performed by specially-designed machines, worked by hydraulic power, the rivets, of which there are no fewer than 8,000,000 in the entire structure, being heated in furnaces burning refuse oil, a novelty which has proved so successful that its use is now largely adopted.

The Super-Structure.

The erection of the vertical columns being completed in six months, the top member connecting them was duly built into position on the platform now resting on the summit of the columns. Meanwhile, the lattice work members, formed of tubes varying in diameter from 12 to 5 feet, were carried out on either side by means of a crane secured to a movable ground-work, which, traveling along the tube itself, followed up the erection. The top members, and the upper portions of the struts and ties were erected by means of special cranes traveling along the top members themselves. The material, already fitted, drilled, and in some cases also partially riveted up in the workshops on shore, was brought in steam barges to to the ends of the cantilevers, and, by means of the cranes already enumerated, speedily transferred to their fixed position in the structure.

Various methods were proposed for the erection of the 350 feet central span joining the cantilevers, but the method finally adopted being to build it out from each end, cantilever fashion, with the requisite temporary supports, until a junction in the middle was effected. The southern central girder was closed on October 10, 1889; that over the northern channel on November 7, following.

Twenty Acres of Bridge.

The 54,000 tons of steel employed in the Forth bridge is that known as mild steel, and was made on the open hearth or Siemens-Martin process. Two qualities were employed, one to resist tensile and the other compressive strains; having strengths respectively of 30 to 33, and 34 to 37 tons per square inch in tension. Under the combined circumstances of the most adverse conditions for the stability of the structure, the maximum rolling load, and the fiercest hurricane, the strain will never exceed 7½ tons per square inch, and in some parts considerably less; it will readily be perceived how ample is the margin of safety allowed.

The changes resulting from variations of temperature have of necessity to be allowed for, and in so large a structure they are considerable—an inch for every 100 feet being arranged for in expansion and contraction, the space over the whole length of the structure gives for this purpose no less than 7 feet. For each pier and cantilever, with part of the connecting girder which it has to carry, 18 inches of play have been designed.

The surface of the bridge requiring to be kept painted is no less than 20 acres, while the rivets employed if laid end to end would cover about 380 miles in length, and the plates used in the construction would extend a distance of over 45 miles.

The approach lines in connection with the Forth bridge are rapidly nearing completion, and consist of lines between Winchburg and Dalmeny, giving direct access to the bridge from Glasgow, and between the bridge and Edinburgh. On the north side Inverkeithing is being directly connected with the bridge and Burntisland with Inverkeithing. Various shorter lines and widenings are being carried out, and the Glenfarg railway is being pushed forward to completion.

A NEW SPRING JACKET.

What the Ladies are Wearing for Early Wraps.

THE SPRING JACKET.

A typical spring jacket of metropolitan fashion is of a silvery gray cloth with close fitting back and loose straight front, lapped at the left and fastened by two straps and two smoked pearl buttons. The high collar rolls outward and there is an edging of gold and silver braid. Another good model is of light stem green cloth, with white vest and high set coat sleeves. A young woman on Twenty-third street yesterday morning wore a jaunty jacket of very pale, delicate violet cloth braided with silver and quite long. Matching this was a toque of violet silk on which nodded silver thistles. The carriage and traveling wraps for spring are meant for slender figures with their puffed backs gathered in rows from the neck to the waist line. A recently imported example shows silver palm leaves on a magnificent gray blue ground. The front is loose and straight with sleeves that are high-shouldered and close to the elbows. Here they are circled by silver blue ribbons and then fall open to the ground, showing a lining of silver blue. The back of the wrap is fitted to the figure wholly by puffings, and is the worst model possible, except for the person to whom it is exactly suited, a young woman of very slight build. New short wraps return to the jet, ottoman and lace, which are always spring features. Some of the models carry the high sleeve to the point of caricature, the gathered lace ruff about the neck standing out horizontally and resting on either side on the artificial knob of the shoulder until it appears that the wearer has been built up most curiously and contrary to all anatomical principles above her collar-bone. These huge neck ruffles are very full behind, and sometimes very wide. On some women they are picturesque and attractive, but they need to be adopted with a large pinch of caution. When they do not reach the sleeve it sometimes happens that a large lace and jet butterfly fills up the square space between.

A "BOOK TRUST."

Bigger Prices for Novels and School Books—Syndicates and Trusts.

"There are 'trusts' in every business but ours," the publishers used to say, but now they can say so no longer. There have been two gigantic book trusts organized in this city within the past six months, one for the publication of fiction the other for the publication of educational books. The former is composed of the two Lovells, the Truro Printing Company, and H. K. Thurber the millionaire retired grocer. S. S. McClure, who manages a newspaper syndicate business, is of this "trust," but I do not know how large a pecuniary interest he has in it. For more than a year Mr. J. Walcott Ballistier has been in England buying up novels. Out of fifty-five that he was after, he has, I am told, secured thirty-five. He has bought them outright for England and America, and Mr. McClure controls the serial publication for his syndicate. At the American end of the line they have bought out the plates of the Seaside and other libraries, controlled by Mr. Munro, and their plan is to own everything. But do you know that I am just old-fashioned and conservative enough to doubt the practical working of the plan. It would be a big scheme to buy up every industry in the world, but it would not be a practical one.

As for the other "trust" or "syndicate," as it calls itself, I think there is a better foundation. D. Appleton & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., Blakeman, Taylor & Co. and Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., who are known in the school book trade as the "big four," have joined hands and propose controlling the school book industry of the country. They make a strong combination, and will no doubt drive a great many small firms to the wall, but there are others, again, that will make a strong fight, and will be successful from sheer force of their tenacity. Whether that "syndicate" will really become an established fact or not, will not be decided until April. At the meantime I am busy looking after various big buildings and negotiating for long leases. —[Miss Gilder, cor Boston Transcript.

BEATS DR. TANNER.

A Wonderful Faster Who Is Astonishing London at Present.

Signor Succi, an Italian gentleman, after having fasted for periods of unheard of length in Antwerp and Brussels, has lately descended upon London, where he has opened an exhibition of himself. He calls himself a phenomenon and a puzzle to modern science.

"It was in 1879," he says, "when ill with a fever at Daresalaam, on the African coast, that I first discovered my capacity for abstinence. I had failed for several days, and instead of losing strength, I suddenly felt a new force awake within me, which the exertion of my will seemed to increase. It is a power like hypnotism, like galvanism—a power which I have gradually learned to create and control. Solely by my will I am able to abstain from all foods. It is the power of will which keeps my brain clear and sustains me during these long fasts. My will is stronger than my body. There, you have the whole secret."

Of the "elixir" distilled from African herbs, which is supposed to give him extraordinary strength, he said: "It is a very simple one. It is a preparation of laudanum which I take merely to soothe the stomach when pain first sets in. It somewhat resembles chloredyne, although rather different in taste and far more instantaneous in its effect." Signor Succi will probably visit America after his London seance.

Professional Jealousy.

Mrs. Gazzam—"Who was that gentleman who sat in our pew to-day? I heard him tell you that he didn't like short meter hymns."

Gazzam—"That was Mr Lux, the president of the gas company."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Yankee Doodle Safe.

It is now announced that English capitalists want to buy the world's fair. The list of belongings of English capital increases daily in this country. The only thing we will have left, if this thing keeps up, will be Yankee Doodle.—[Wichita Eagle.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

A Rich Young New Yorker's Wooing of a Lovely Long Island Lass.

"THAT Yaphank girl was a daisy. "Do you remember her, Harold?"

"Do you mean the one with the peachy cheeks, wavy golden hair, and all the other charms that they imply?"

"The same."

"Then I remember her, and I seem to have a recollection that you were stricken by the aforesaid charms."

The conversation with a pretty Long Island girl for a topic, was carried on over a well supplied table in an old fashioned dining room of one of the few old houses of New York. Alexander Morris, the youthful host, sat near the wide fire-place and suspended his fork in air while he quizzed Harold Stepheuson through his single eyeglass.

Both young men had passed the previous summer at Yaphank, L. I.

At the same ho of was a pretty young girl who, they soon learned, was the landlord's daughter. Alecik's impressionable young heart received the image of the maiden as the one necessary to his life's happiness.

She was not averse to his company and they flirted the season away in quick order.

Then he returned to the city after receiving her solemn promise to wait for him till an irascible old uncle had been carried off the stage of life.

"SPEAKING OF GIRLS."

This happy event had happened the week previous to the opening of this tale, and Aleck had come into the possession of a million dollars and more.

"I believe I'll run down to Yaphank tomorrow," said Aleck, dropping his eyeglass. This always meant determination with him.

Next day he started.

* * * * * * *

Yaphank in winter looked so different from its July aspect that Aleck thought he must have got off at the wrong station.

Not an omnibus awaited the arrival of the train.

It was five miles to the hotel, and the only mode of locomotion was by Aleck's checked trousers.

"Is for a cent, in for a dollar," he said, as he started off at a pace that took him to his destination in an hour and a quarter.

The hotel was boarded up as to its windows and doors, but in the end of an addition Aleck knew the landlord's family spent the winter.

He paused at a summer house overlooking the hotel. It was much breezier than when he was there last.

A step on the path behind him caused him to turn suddenly.

A maiden fair to see, holding some wild grasses that the winter had spared.

It was Miriam Stebbins, the landlord's daughter.

His heart's palpitator.

The recognition was quicker on his part than on hers.

"DON'T YOU KNOW ME?"

"Don't you know me?" he asked, holding out his arms a little bit.

"This isn't going on in the winter," she said, looking at him doubtfully. He was too well-dressed for a tramp and there was no insane asylum in the vicinity.

"But you promised to wait for me till I came for you," stammered Aleck, who couldn't help thinking that the proverbial simplicity of the country maiden is like a great many other proverbs.

It came over her with a rush—she identified him and was so surprised that she dropped her grasses.

In all her experience he was the first one who had ever returned to Yaphank.

The same story had been told her by nine other young New Yorkers. How was she to have known that Aleck was the one faithful suitor?

"My uncle is dead," continued Aleck, "and I am his sole heir. I lay it all at your feet."

At this point he kneeled on his handkerchief.

"Miriam! Oh, Miriam!"

In stentorian tones the name Aleck loved best was bawled out by a stout double-fisted young man who emerged from the hotel barn.

Aleck had time to get on his feet before the young farmer spied the couple in the summer-house.

"Come to the house," said Miriam hastily; "we can talk better there."

Without waiting to hear his expostulations that he was satisfied where he was, Miriam hastened to the hotel and Aleck followed.

The young farmer glanced at his city elegance, and gave a sniff of contempt at the monocle Aleck passed him with silent scorn. The farmer, to Aleck's surprise, entered the house as naturally as if he was a star boarder.

The landlord was seated in his easy chair, and toward him Miriam turned and reintroduced the stranger, who, she said, had run down to make arrangements for the summer.

Then turning to the young farmer, she continued:

"My husband, Mr. Morris."

* * * * * * *

How he got away from Yaphank is still a mystery to Alexander. He has a shadowy recollection of being driven over to the station by the farm hand, who frequently soliloquized:

"I wonder what he come down here for at this time of the year?"

Aleck has never answered that question satisfactorily to himself.—[W. Shakespeare Guppy in the New York Journal.

On a String.

"This is a forget-me-not," remarked Jawkins, as he looked at the string on his finger, and wondered why his wife had tied it there.—[Puck.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A RACE.

Did a "Heap" of Shooting, but the Johnny Escaped.

S I began the perusal of THE WEEKLY BLADE around the camp fire in Dixie, and have been a constant reader ever since, I need not tell you how highly I prize it.

If "Grub Sergeant," 22d O. V. I., would refresh my memory about that "race," perhaps I would remember it. I will give an account of one race: In 1863, while our regiment was scouting in West Tennessee, John Elinger and myself on the extreme advance, Col. Mizener ordered us to advance cautiously and swiftly and allow no scouts or pickets to escape; but attack all such parties and he would support us with the whole command. After traveling several miles a turn in the road brought us in sight of a house; also a mounted "Johnny." As soon as he saw us he started. At the same time I gave my horse the spurs, getting a good length ahead of Elinger. Away we went, pell-mell. No "jockeying" in that race. We were all well mounted and went in to win. After a time I saw we were gaining, slowly but surely. I unsung my Colt's rifle and called to the rebel to halt. He looked back, but urged on his horse. I raised my rifle and fired. Johnny was a rod or so in the rear, and every time I fired he would sing out, "Give 'em ——, Mac!" I continued the rifle practice until I had discharged five shots. I can imagine I see that poor Johnny looking back now, as he sank the rowels deep in his poor bensts flanks. We were fast closing upon him. At a bend in the road he stopped, threw up his hands, took to the woods. I followed suit and drew my revolver, thinking I would soon end the race. I fired twice, John repeating his former command. As the rebel turned slightly in dodging a tree my third shot hit his horse in the head and both went down; but the reb never stopped—he bounded forward like a Comanche Indian. I halted and fired my remaining shots, the last one as he disappeared in a thick swamp. I took a good blanket off his horse, broke his gun around a tree, and picked up my own gun just as the colonel arrived on the scene at the head of the column, fuming, and the boys looking as if they expected to find a brigade or two of rebs. The colonel halted and inquired what all the firing was for. I said I was firing at a man. "All that firing at one man? Where is the man?" said he. "Well, colonel, I think he must be about three miles beyond that swamp by this time. He beats any one I ever saw run." A smile stole over the faces of some of the boys, but the colonel was fighting mad.

I would like to have Comrade John tell about his race of seven miles, and final capture and escape, beginning that day and returning the next while we were fighting Col. Forrest at Jack Creek.—M. C. MCCURDY.

THE COLONEL WAS HOT.

The Thirteenth Wisconsin Would Whip the Army of the Potomac!

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Typographical errors will occur, yet I think Comrade Dan Knight made a mistake in the Camp Fire, February 27. He assigns Col. Lyon to the 12th Wis. We were with the 12th but a short time, and I hardly think its colonel's name was Lyon. Col. William P. Lyon belonged to the 13th Wis., and Comrade Knight's description fits our colonel to a "T." When off duty Col. Lyon would chat with a private with as much cordiality and interest as he would with a shoulder strap. Do we love him? Yes! What do the citizens of Wisconsin think of him? He is now, and has been since the war, one of the associate justices of the Supreme court. A part of the 5th Cav., Col. Lowe, were at Ft. Henry, Tenn., a short time during the fall or winter of 1862-63, I think. (I have no diary for reference.) Was Comrade Knight one of the number? If so, he will remember our quartette (comrades Nel. Cole, Gene Thurston, Lyme Richardson and Charlie Carter) coming aboard the boat where Col. Lowe had his headquarters, and singing the "Goose Quill Band" for the drinks. Ours was the 13th Wis., and I didn't know but here was where Comrade Knight got the colonels' names mixed. We were stationed at Stevenson, Ala., a short time, just when the Potomac and other troops were massing at Bridgeport and the front, preparatory to that grand series of battles preceding and including the "March to the Sea." The writer was detailed at the convalescent camp and helped issue arms and munitions to furloughed men—sending them to their respective commands at the front as guards to the supply trains. While here—Col. Lyon commanding post—some of the Potomac regiments were camped temporarily, and some of you know of the jealousies existing between the Eastern and Western troops; some of the Potomac boys wound a canteen with cords, filled it with powder, attached a fuse, lighted, and threw it into the enclosure surrounding the colonel's headquarters. When it exploded our colonel was as "hot"—I guess—as he ever got; he sent for their officers and told them if they did not discipline their troops better, if any like occurence happened again he would turn the 13th Wis. loose and whip the Potomac Army!!—D. E. STEVENS, Co. B, 13th Wis., Hedgewood, Kansas.

WANT AN EQUIVALENT.

The Widows Want "Grandpa's" Hat—The Comrade Requires Proof.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was trying to set matters right in regard to the hat I so gently lifted from the old man's head, when a comrade rises up with the warning that if I pass the guard at the celestial gate at all, I will have to sneak through with a crowd of Sherman's "bummers," that were addicted to snatching bits of bone from the "pickaninnies" in the doorways as they passed. While I am weeping over my fate, several letters arrive from as many widows, each saying in pathetic terms that it was her "grandpa's hat" that I snatched, and that she was the meek-eyed maiden who stood by poor grandpa's side when the crime was committed. They all wept, of course. I do not blame them for weeping; what puzzles me is the number of us. Now, I can only think of the one, but there are a half dozen, each and every one positive it was *her* grandpa whom I had robbed of the hat in the mountains of Tennessee. And the darlings all demand certain equivalents for "grandpa's hat." I don't know how this hat business is going to end; but one thing is certain—there were many grandpas who had lost their hats instead of their heads, and as I acknowledged the crime in one instance, the appearance now is that every hat stolen in Dixie will be saddled onto me. Now, girls, an accident happened in ten or fifteen minutes after I took the hat. The one who writes me what the nature of the accident was will win the hat. The accident detained us an hour. If you were there, you will know. If you were not, it is of no use to guess. Yes, Comrade Hunt, we learned a "heap" in Dixie, and to tell a good lie is one of the arts. There are many kinds of liars. There is the "rattle-brain," that rattles off lies by the wholesale. We had him in our camp. He was eternally telling any one he could corner, what a time he had "on picket the other night." These are harmless; they were in every battle of the war, on both sides. I rather think this is the class you have put me in. But no matter, comrade; we are in the same boat—only I advise you not to be particular in describing the place in which you did your mischief. Those girls may be widows, now, and ask you if it isn't about time to pay for your meal.—DAN KNIGHT, Colfax, Iowa.

ONE ON DAN.

There Wasn't Any Flies on Him, Either, It Seems.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I love to read Dan Knight's yarns best of all. At a recent reunion of Nebraska soldiers at Plattsmouth, I met some of Dan Knights old comrades that I was acquainted with in Brownville, Neb. Well, Dan, you have had a good deal to say in the Camp Fire about Southern girls, and you have told a good many jokes on yourself; but there is one joke you haven't told yet. Please tell us about your exploit in Paris, Tenn., the time you got the keg of "sacrament" at the Catholic church, got full, and took the colored girl on behind you, on your horse and went helter-skelter through the town, jumping ditches and everything else that came in your way, frightening the poor darkeys nearly to death. The boys say the darky girl was scared so bad she turned white! If I am getting onto forbidden ground, Dan, you must lay the blame to P. C. Richards, W. T. Russell and Orsa Root.—H. F. S., Co. E, 2d Neb. Cav., Nora, Neb.

CEDAR WOODS.

Hard Lines of Comrades Taken Prisoner at the Battle of Murfreesboro.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—One reason I so well remember Cedar Woods, over which the battle of Murfreesboro was fought, is because I was taken prisoner there, hustled into Murfreesboro and confined in the county jail, which was used as a prison pen during the fight. Shortly after I was put in the pen with 51 others, we were drawn up in line and paroled. During the day an officer with a hang-dog look entered the room and detailed ten men, including myself, marched us out of town and into a graveyard. From one of the wagons standing near we were supplied with shovels and set to work digging a hole. From another wagon we unloaded and buried, in the trench we had dug, amputated limbs that had once belonged to federal soldiers. The Johnnies who were watching us insulted and taunted us; but we endured their slang as best we could, considering the fact that we had eaten nothing for 48 hours. When our sad duty was concluded they marched us back to the pen, where each prisoner was given a pound a flour. A comrade and I syndicated and put our flour into an old sock; but before we had an opportunity to prepare anything to eat were ordered out and compelled to "hoof" it to Shelbyville on the "fly," for "Old Rosy" was coming. We came to a wood where there were a number of fires, surrounded by rebs who were detailed to cook for an outpost. Here we broke ranks and were allowed to go around among the cooks. I tried to get a baking outfit in order to get the contents of our sack into proper condition to satify our keen appetites, but every skillet and Dutch oven were in use. Finally a man said he would bake the flour for one-third of the bread, as he had not tasted warm wheat bread for a year. He mixed our flour with water and baked it in a flat cake, dividing it in three portions. It resembled home-made hard soap, but we were so hungry that we "laid to" with a will. What has become of the 15th, 40th and 57th Ind., and 97th O. boys? Were you all starved in Andersonville?—C. P. ELLIS, Co. I, 97th O. V. I., Palmyra, Mo.

MADE HIS WILL,

But He Recovered, and Is Still On Top the Earth.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When our army divided at Jonesboro, south of Atlanta, Ga., I went with the army that went to head off Hood's advance on Nashville, and also to throw some breakers in the way of Wheeler at Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river. We encountered Hood at Rome, Ga., and while there I stole some sweet-potatoes, and received a good pounding; thought I would surely die. That night I made my will; but I recovered, only to make another "slip" at Ringgold, Ga. While visiting the sutler store of the 10th Ky. the train with my regiment on board pulled out for Nashville, leaving me behind. I started on foot for Graysville, the next station, arriving as my train was steaming out of the depot. Capt. Preble, an Ohio soldier, took me in and gave me supper. Next morning at 6 o'clock I went by rail to Nashville. When the train load of 118th O. boys arrived, I found for Johnsonville, where my regiment had been loaded. I jumped on. Fearing I would have no knapsack when I rejoined my regiment, I borrowed one from an 118th Ohio boy, but never returned it. If he sees this I hope he will write to me.—J. M. BEST, Co. A, 3d E. T. V. I., Wells, Ga.

CHIPS AND SPLINTERS.

NEVER FORGETS.—Early on the morning of December 30, the 11th Mich. Inft. was in line of battle at Stone's River. Two of my comrades (one on my right, the other on my left) were laughing and jesting, and one made the remark that the bullet was not made to kill him. Presently the order came, "Forward, 11th Michs!" and the brigade moved across an open field. When one reached the woods the rebels opened fire, and at the first volley the two comrades fell, pierced with minie-balls. It is one incident which I have never forgotten.—N. U. BACON, Co. C, 11th Mich. Inft., Union City, Oklahoma.

A FRIENDSHIP FORMED.—A lasting friendship was formed between the boys of the 11th Mich., and those of the 19th Ills., when they were introduced to each other at Harden farm, near Nashville, while in search of guerrillas. Some of the 19th were short of rations at one time, against orders, causing a commotion. The long roll was beaten and we formed in line of battle and marched to their camp, where our colonel reprimanded them for breach of orders. The members of these respective regiments were warm friends from that time forward.—G. WRIGHT, Co. E, 11th Mich. Inft., Manchester, Ills.

SURPRISED THEM.—In the fall of 1864 three companies of the 8th O. Cav. encamped near Creek south of Beverly, W. Va. About 3 o'clock one morning the rebels slipped up and surprised us with an attack. I was on guard when the first volley was fired, and seeing the day was lost to us I crossed the river bridge and escaped, hiding until the reb's left. The principal object of the attack was to plunder our camp. Would say to Comrade Dan Knight that I am one of those who would gladly make restitution for deeds done while in the army. Will some of the boys tell of our fighting about Lynchburg, June 18?—JOHN C. GOUDY, Shideler, Ind.

CHICKEN FOR BREAKFAST.—In the spring of 1864 eight men from Co. C, 5th M. S. M., were sent on a secret scouting expedition. One morning we arrived at Squire D——'s, Dent county, Mo. The old gent was still sleeping and some of the boys made a raid on the hen-house, securing some fine chickens. Then they called out the old gentleman, informing him that they had some chickens which they desired cooked for breakfast. Mr. D. roused his darky women, who prepared an excellent meal for us. Happening to step out doors the old gent discovered the chickens' heads, which the boys had left near the hen-house. When he returned he looked at us suspiciously and remarked: "Didn't you fellows say you brought them chickens with you?" "Yes." "Well, how far did you bring them?" "Oh, we said nothing about that!" We got a good breakfast, all the same.—JOHN KINGAN, Smithton, Mo.

ARMY OF THE FRONTIER.—I remember being on guard with members of the 37th Ills., the night we moved on the battlefield of Prairie Grove, after Hindman's retreat. I was in Co. H, 13th Kans. Inft. We were put through on the double-quick from Camp Hill to the field, thirteen miles, without a stop. We arrived just as the left wing of the rebel army was emerging from the timber to gobble up Herron's command. I don't see how it comes that the army of the frontier has no place in the history of the Civil War. We certainly fought as hard battles, according to the numbers engaged, as the armies east in the Mississippi. Hindman drew rations for 30,000 men before he left Van Buren to come North after the battle. When he fell back to Van Buren, the sexton that had charge of burying the dead at that place, told me there were 800 buried there that died from wounds received in the fight, and about 1,000 were buried on the battlefield. History, however, is silent on this point; it is spoken of as a small affair.—S. Q. ROBINSON, Kansas.

WAGNER'S BRIGADE.—It seems I. P. Leach (Co. A, 100th Ills.) and R. W. Wilson (40th Ind.) differ somewhat when writing of Wagner's Brigade. Comrade Leach neglects to mention the 15th Ind. Reg. G. W. Wagner was colonel of the 15th, which was mustered into the service at Camp Tippecanoe, Ind., June 14, 1861. I was a member of Co. A, 15th Ind. Vols. and know something about Wagner's Brigade, too. Wagner was promoted to general after the battle of Murfreesboro, and the different commands were consolidated soon after. No harm done, comrade; we all "saw the elephant." Have any of the comrades forgotten the Stoneger girls?—J. FAULDING St. David, Ills.

THE DRUMMER BOY.—To Comrade Hardy: I knew James Barrington, drummer boy of the 14th O. V. I., before he went into the army, and after he enlisted. He was killed at Jonesboro, Ga., instead of Chickamauga.—J. C. WERNER, Co. A, 14th O. V. I., Toledo, O.

REUNION NOTE.—The seventh annual reunion of the 30th Ind. Veteran Asso'n. (30th Ind. Reg., 3d Brig., 1st Div., 4th A. C.) will be held at Albion, Ind., Thursday, April 3, 1890.—J. N. CHLWINS, Secretary.

N. T. Ewan, Lincoln, Neb., would like to hear from comrades of Co. K, 123d O. V. I.

T. B. Woodburne, sec. 98th Regt. Ass'n, Dennison, Ohio, desires the P. O. address of every surviving member of the 98th O. V. I.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines each insertion. Cash must accompany the order.

Address wanted of the officer (or any comrade) who knew Ethan Allen Myers, and once wrote of his death in hospital to H. A. Bowman, Cincinnati, O. Petition for back pension. SARAH A. MOORE, 902 National Ave., Ft. Scott, Kan.

A SHOWY CENTER PIECE.

How to Make It and How to Use It.

The cut represents a center piece of showy design. It is almost twice as long as it is broad, and is made of bolting cloth with an edge of yellow satin ribbon two inches wide put on finely, with mitered corners. The decoration, for which any distinct conventional pattern will be suitable as the one given, should be drawn upon blotting paper and laid under the bolting cloth, which is as thin as lace.

A SHOWY CENTER PIECE.

The figures are then painted while the cloth is held very close on the blotting paper, which will absorb the fluid and prevent its running. When the colors are dry an outline of embroidery stitches should be added. In the center now being considered the stems, tendrils and veins of the leaves are worked with split floss silk in single stitches. The flower and leaf edges are done with long and short stitch, taken very far apart.

A lining of yellow satin will add to the richness of the piece, or, if preferred, the ribbon edge and the satin lining may be pink, red or any other color.

MRS. MCC. HUNGERFORD.

—The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

Successful Sons of Rich Men.

Examples of this law of heredity are plentiful among the financial leaders. The Astors and Vanderbilts of this generation have shown themselves well worthy to uphold the great monetary dynasties founded by their ancestors, and there is not in either family a spendthrift or an unworthy member. W. W. Astor has done some creditable literary work, Jay Gould's sons are likely to carry out his projects and increase the magnitude of his fortune. Robert Bonner's heritage is well cared for by his sons. The Ames family, which started its fortune by making shovels and increased it to Credit Mobelier, has an able member to-day in Oliver Ames, who has twice been governor of Massachusetts. "Old Hutch's" son in Chicago is at 30, the president of a bank and director of a score of financial institutions. James L. Flood, son of the bonanza prince, and most prominent of the scions of such rich-room wealth, has been at the head of the great Nevada bank.—[Epoch.

Brazil has an area almost the same as that of the United States—namely, 3,000,000 of square miles.

—BERCHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

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AN OLD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

"To take or not to take it, is the question—
Whether it is better to end this earthly career
A spinster—braving the smiles of those who would insist
That lack of lovers caused my lonely state,—
Or take the remedies my sisters take,
And see my eyes grow bright as tho' I bathed
In the immortal fount De Leon sought
In vain in Florida's peaceful shades.
I oft have heard my married sisters say
That good old Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Would bring back color to a faded cheek,
Restore the health of one who fain would die
To rid herself of all the pain she feels."

The aforesaid spinster took the remedy—and forthwith took a husband also, having regained her health and blooming beauty.

Thousands of women owe their fresh, blooming countenances to the restorative effects of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsens, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

For a Book (160 pages) on Woman: Her Diseases and their Self-cure, (sent sealed in plain envelope,) enclose ten cents in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels. One a dose. Sold by druggists.

PROPOSING BY PHONOGRAPH.

The Scheme of a Bashful Young Man and Its Success.

While a phonograph was on exhibition uptown a short time ago it was put to a use which even the "Wizard" Edison probably never thought it would be. At an hour when there were but few in the place a well-dressed, good-looking young man came in and stood for some time watching and listening to the wonderful machine. After a short time he entered into an earnest conversation with the man who was operating the instrument. At first the operator wore a mystified look, but this gradually melted into an amused smile as the conversation went on. Finally he seemingly consented to the young man's wishes and they both went closer to the phonograph. The visitor looked nervously around, but as there was no one nearby, he began talking into the machine. He said: "Jones, I've been in the store all day, and I'm tired of the bird and the bird is tired of the singer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CLOSER 'N A BROTHER.

A Miner's Experience with a Sticking Plaster.

A miner named Tobias, in our camp on Chickasaw Shelf, had been suffering with wandering rheumatic pains for several weeks, and the most of them finally got together between his shoulders and hung there. He tried one thing and another until our brief list of remedies was exhausted, and then a brilliant idea struck him. He gathered some pitch off an old stub, added some tar, scraped from the wheels of a passing cart, and melted it up for plaster. He took a piece of stout canvas a foot square, covered it over with the mixture, and then had one of the boys clap it on his back. The results were all he could have hoped for. In four or five days the pains left him, but a day or two after the plaster began hollering so vigorously that he had to stop and rub his back on a stone every ten or fifteen minutes. Thus saith the veracious chronicler in the *Buffalo Commercial*.

The boys were finally appealed to to rid Tobias of his tormentors, but we investigated to discover that the only way to get it off was to shave him. It was found to have grown in his flesh, and the slightest pull at it made him yell with the hurt. We tried soaking and greasing and reheating, but it was no go. And the more we fooled with it the more it itched. We had a heap of fun at the poor man's expense, for by and by he had to get up nights to go and run on his favorite boulder. By and by he declared that it must come off, happen what would. He wouldn't let me touch it, but planned a way of his own. He had one of the boys cut a hole in the margin of the cloth at the top and run a small rope through it. The other end was made fast to a stone weighing about 100 pounds. When all was ready Tobias took his stand on the brink of a gulch 30 feet deep, shut his eyes and teeth, grabbed a stake with both hands and gave the word to push the stone over. When the rope straightened Tobias uttered a yell which was heard a mile, and five seconds later let go of the stake and went head over heels down into the gulch. We climbed down as soon as possible, but it was no use. The fall had broken his neck. When we turned him over to see about the plaster it was there in the same old spot. The weight of that stone hadn't even started it loose at the top.

Japs Can't Wash.

Washing was and is still done in Japan by getting into a boat and letting the garments drag after the boat by a long string. It is an economical habit of travelling Japs to get a large amount of washing done accomplished by a steamboat excursion, and has given rise to the story that once a year they travel to wash. They have no instinct for laundry work like the Chinese, and think it complete when soap is in the garment and will not wring it out.

Catarrh Can't Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

How to Procure a Patent.

G. W. G., Arrington, Kan.: 1.—The only way to ascertain whether a person's name has ever been patented is to employ some patent attorney to make the necessary search of the records. 2.—The following is the mode of procedure for obtaining a patent:

Application for a patent may be made in writing to the commissioner of Patents. The applicant must also file in the Patent Office a written description of the same, and of the manner and process of making, constructing, compounding, and using it, in such full, clear, concise, and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound, and use the same; and in case of a mere chine, he must explain the principle thereof, and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement, or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

When the nature of the case admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish one copy signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses, to be filed in the Patent Office. In all cases which admit of representation by model, the applicant if required by the commissioner, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts of his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, machine, manufacture, composition, or improvement for which he solicits a patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen. Such oath may be made before any person within the United States authorized by law to administer oaths, or, when the applicant resides in a foreign country, before any minister, chargé d'affaires, consul, or commercial agent, holding commission under the government of the United States, or before any notary public of the foreign country in which the applicant may be.

On the filing of each application and the payment of the fees required by law, if, on such examination, it appears that the claimant is justly entitled to a patent under the law, and that the same is sufficiently useful and important, the commissioner will issue a patent therefor.

Fees must be paid in advance, as follows: On filing the original application for a patent, $15; when the patent is issued, $20—making $35 in all. You can obtain a patent without an attorney, but it is always better to employ one, unless you are able to make the proper drawings and to draw up the specifications in proper form yourself.

Wealth of Great Britain and the United States.

G. A. McC., Silver Lake, Ind.: 1.—The estimated wealth of Great Britain and Ireland in 1880, according to Mulhall, was:

Land and forest	$ 9,400,000,000
Cattle	1,175,000,000
Railroads	3,750,000,000
Public works	2,750,000,000
Houses	11,400,000,000
Furniture	5,700,000,000
Merchandise	1,750,000,000
Bullion	715,000,000
Shipping	600,000,000
Sundries	6,275,000,000
Total	$43,600,000,000

The national debt of Great Britain, for the fiscal year 1889, was $3,492,154,855.

The estimated wealth of the United States, at the same time, upon the same authority, was:

Land and forest	$10,750,000,000
Cattle	1,890,000,000
Railroads	5,950,000,000
Public Works	2,635,000,000
Houses	13,900,000,000
Furniture	6,925,000,000
Merchandise	775,000,000
Bullion	735,000,000
Shipping	300,000,000
Sundries	3,565,000,000
Total	$47,475,000,000

The national debt of the United States, in 1889, the same date as that given above for Great Britain, was $1,701,234,668.

Joan of Arc.

L. W., Goffs, Kan.: Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans, was the daughter of respectable parents. She was born in 1412, in the village of Domremy, department of Vosges, France. She, like the other young women of her day, was taught to sew and spin, but not to read and write. At the age of 15 she imagined that unseen voices called upon her to go and fight for the Dauphin. She finally succeeded in making her way to the Dauphin, and persuading him to believe in her heavenly mission. The Dauphin made afire and went at the head of French troops, on April 29, 1429, she threw herself into Orleans, then besieged by the English, and from the 4th to the 8th made successful warfare, and the siege was raised. After this, Joan became the dread of the English and the pet of the French. She conducted the Dauphin to Rheims, where he was crowned king July 17, 1429. On May 24, 1430, she was defeated by Burgundian forces, taken prisoner and sold to the English for 10,000 francs. She was tried for witchcraft and heretic and burned to death at the stake on May 20, 1431. In 1440 her family obtained a revisal of the trial, and she was declared innocent.

Emin Pasha.

E. J. H., Hurricane, Va.: 1.—Dr. Edward Schnitzler (Emin Pasha) is an Austrian. He was made governor of the equatorial provinces of Africa by Gen. Gordon when the latter was at Khartoum. The death of Gordon, followed by the utter abandonment of the Soudan by the English government, left Emin Pasha helpless in the midst of the barbarians—most of whom were hostile—and without hope of escape by the way of the Soudan and Egypt, and confronted on the west by the terrors of an almost impenetrable wilderness, that swarmed with every known foe of civilized man. Stanley went to the rescue, starting in May, 1887, with an expedition fitted out under the auspices of the British and East African association. He found Emin Pasha, and brought him with him to Zanzibar, where he sustained a fall from a veranda, caused by his poor eye-sight and from the effects of which he has not wholly recovered. 2.—Robert G. Ingersoll is probably the greatest living orator in this country.

"Chestnut" Questions.

Will some one kindly write and tell us where the following questions come from? They are asked at least a hundred times a year:

I. S. B., Lanesville, Kan.: "1.—Where is the key to the Bastile?" It was sent by Gen. Washington by Lafayette, after the fall of the Bastile, and now hangs, in a little glass case, on the wall of the hall at Mount Vernon, Washington's old home.

"2.—Who was the author of the 'Thirty Years' View?" Hon. Thomas Hart Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, for 30 years, from 1820 to 1850. The book was in two volumes, published in 1854 and 1856. Benton died in 1858.

"3.—When was 'Franklin state?" There never was such a state. A number of the settlers in what is now Tennessee, which originally belonged to North Carolina, in 1784 attempted to form a separate state government, under the name of 'Franklin' or 'Frankland,' but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Caesar Augustus.

J. J. C., Evansport, O.: Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus (named at his birth simply Caius Octavius), the first emperor of Rome, was born at Velitrae, Sept. 23, 63 B. C. He died at Nola, Aug. 19, A. D. 14. He was educated at Rome, and soon attracted the attention of his great uncle, Julius Caesar. When he heard of the assassination of the dictator he went at once to Rome and demanded his inheritance, which Mark Antony, who had possessed himself of principal power of state, gave up after much reluctance. Octavius began a struggle with Mark Antony for the control of Rome. Pocimus Brutus coming into favor with Octavius began to treat with Mark Antony for a reconciliation, which he gained, and his victories were marked, until he became absolute ruler of the Empire.

The Louisiana Purchase.

F. W., Kenton, O.: 1.—Louisiana (included in the Louisiana purchase) was brought from France in 1803 for $11,250,000. Napoleon

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

was devoted to the building up of France and had rather have the money than to extend his colonial possessions. 2.—The postoffice was projected in the English colonies, which afterward became the United States in 1672, but owing to the scattered population it was not organized until 1710. In 1753 Benjamin Franklin was appointed deputy postmaster general. In 1789 the constitution of the United States conferred upon Congress exclusive control of postal matters. 3.—The United States owes its greatness to many things, among them its good government and the education of its people.

Stanley's Book—Talmage's Book.

P. W., McComb, O., A. D. W., Ill., and U. F., High Hill, O.: Stanley is engaged in writing an account of his late trip through Africa. It will be published by a leading publishing house of New York City. The books already published with titles intended to mislead people into supposing that they contain Stanley's latest explorations, are issued to catch gullible purchasers. Stanley's letters, written at points on his journey and sent to the sea-coast to be mailed, have been published, but his book is now being written by himself.

Now, if the publishers of Stanley's book, when it is ready to issue, wish to reach BLADE readers, they must advertise in its columns. Don't write to the Bureau, asking where to get it. Read rule 2 above.

A. M. H., Muncie, Ill., and others ask when Talmage's new book will be out, and who will publish it. Read Rule 2.

The Later Presidents.

Poppy, Newton, Ill.: 1.—The janitor of Independence hall rang the bell; his name is not known, and it is not a matter of general importance. 2.—Abraham Lincoln was president from 1861 to 1865; Andrew Johnson, from '65 to '69; born in North Carolina in 1808, died 1875. U. S. Grant, from '69 to '77; born in Ohio in '22, died, '85. R. B. Hayes, from '77 to '81; born in '22, still alive and a resident of Fremont, Ohio. James A. Garfield, president in 1881, born in Ohio in '30, died in 1881. Chester A. Arthur, from '81 to '84; born in New York in '35; died, '86. Grover Cleveland, supposed to have been born in New York, some say in New Jersey, in 1837; was president from '84 to '88; is still alive and a resident of New York. Benjamin Harrison, inaugurated March 4, '88; was born in Ohio in 1833.

Lowering the Interest Rate.

L. P., Garland, Kan.: The clause in section viii. of the federal constitution which grants to Congress the power to "coin money, regulate the value thereof," etc., refers to the amount of gold or silver to be put in the coins, and the value of the coins—not to interest. When THE BLADE says that an additional reason that there is no method whereby the rate of interest can be cut down all over the country, we simply meant that it is beyond the power of any one to fix the rate of interest at 2 or 3 per cent, as referred to in the article. Suppose the state legislature passes a law fixing the legal rate of interest at 3 per cent. The result will be that men who want money will pay more, no matter what the law is, the same as they do now.

The Sutro Tunnel.

G. W. B., West Andover, O., asks: "What is the Sutro tunnel?"

The richest deposit of silver in the United States, and probably in the world, is the Comstock lode, on the east side of Mt. Davidson, Nevada, which extends from Gold Hill into the cities of Virginia City and Gold Hill. The mine is very deep. In order to drain the mines in this lode, a man named Sutro projected a tunnel, to run into the base of the mountain, a distance of 20,000 feet—about four miles—to strike the mines, and drain them, without having to pump the water through the shafts. It was completed, although very costly.

Thomas H. Benton.

J. M., Newman, Ill.: Thomas Hart Benton, the famous Missouri statesman, was born in North Carolina in 1782. He died at Washington in 1858. In 1812 he commanded a regiment under Jackson; edited a newspaper in St. Louis in 1815, and was elected a United States senator in 1820, in which capacity he acted as a Democrat and supported the policy of Jackson. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1832 and remained there until 1851, when he retired for a time to private life. In 1852 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives and actively opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

The Fort Pillow Massacre.

R. H. S., Ozark, Ark.: All the statements to the contrary cannot weigh against the solemn oaths of scores of unimpeached witnesses, that the massacre at Fort Pillow did take place. Men were shot and left for dead, long after the fighting had ceased and and after the surrender was known. The statement goes to show that the murderers boasted of their butchery and that the cries became "No quarter to Negroes" and the whites for "fighting with niggers." If human evidence can prove anything, it proved that Fort Pillow massacre a case of deliberate, wholesale slaughter of prisoners of war, after they had surrendered.

Pressed Flowers in Natural Colors.

M. H. M., San Bernardino, Cal., writes: "In answer to 'Botany Class,' in regard to preserving natural colors of flowers when pressed, I would say I have pressed pansies and other flowers between layers of wadding, which as dressmakers use, and the colors remained almost perfect. Any pink flower, however, will fade in time. Try, and report."

The Direct Tax Bill.

F. A. M., Moss, Tenn., writes: "I notice in THE BLADE a copy of the direct tax bill as passed by the Senate. Does Tennessee get an allowance out of that bill equal to the amount that she paid, or does she fail to get anything because the full amount was not paid?"

Each state will get back what she paid, and the unpaid debt will be canceled. 2.—It was an advertisement.

The Blade's Oldest Subscriber.

Dr. Jacob Clark, of Toledo, sends us a postal card with the following: "I have taken THE BLADE since '41—49 years. I also took the first paper ever printed in Toledo, the *Herald*; it was handed to me by its editor, James I. Brown, in less than 30 minutes after it was struck off. He also suggested the name of Toledo for our city, which was adopted by the proprietors."

This makes Dr. Clark the oldest subscriber so far.

Legal Questions.

J. P. D., Dupont, O., I. H. R., Toledo, O., and A. L., Toledo, O., and A. T. G., Florida, O.: You should consult a good lawyer. We cannot undertake to answer legal question in the Bureau; for we would be compelled to go to a lawyer for the answer, and pay him his fee for it.

What is a Township?

G. W. B., Andover, O., asks: "What is a civil and what a congressional township?"

A "civil" township is a political subdivision of a county, such as we have in Ohio. A congressional township is a square of land, containing thirty-six sections, or square miles, laid off by the government in the original survey of the public lands.

The Longest River.

G. H., Little Sioux, Iowa: Strange as it may appear, it is not determined yet which is the longest river in the world. The Nile is not yet fully explored, so that no one know its length; it may turn out to be the longest. The Mississippi and Missouri, taken together, are generally considered the longest. The Amazon is the largest, but not the longest.

Miscellaneous.

W. S., Corwin: Livingstone died at Ulala, Africa.

U. M. S., Butler, Ind.: Deer and moose shed their horns annually.

H. M., Bellefonte, Pa.: Demerara is a division of British Guiana.

E. T. C., Pleasant Hope, Neb.: Can't find the town to which you refer.

P. C. P., Chicago: We never heard of a "Republican party catechism."

C. B., Washington Co., Ky.: The government does not loan money.

W. P. H., Holgate, O.: President Zachary Taylor was born in Virginia.

A. M., Norway, Kan.: For Queen Victoria's salary, see Bureau of Jan. 16.

Anxious Teacher, Toledo, O.: Inquire of the clerk of the Toledo board of Education.

L. W. K., Ashley, O.: Titus, who destroyed Jerusalem, was probably born in Antioch.

L. W., Berwick, Ill.: "Rally Round the Flag" has already been published in our "Old War Songs."

M. M., Mt. Vernon, Iowa: The symbol of Truth is a mirror, which reflects without distorting.

W. H. Smith, Clarksville, Tenn.: June 2, 1873, was on Monday; June 2, 1874, was on Tuesday.

Y. B. D., Caneyville, Ky.: The working of the census has been explained in the news columns.

A. W. H., Point Anna, Cal.: We are sorry to say we have not the figures at hand to reply to your queries.

K. R. D.: You will have to address your request to some book store; these are not advertising columns.

John M. Carter, Glenn, Mich.: Logan first entered congress in 1859; he voted for the fugitive slave law.

W. D. S., Elizaville, Ind.: For short hand see answer to M. A. M., Blotchen, Ind., in Bureau of March 20.

J. C. Dickerson, Remington, Ind.: The present capital of Louisiana is Baton Rouge; it was formerly New Orleans.

J. L., Alesburg, Kan.: Your question would be more accurately answered by addressing the Congresman of you district.

P. M. W., Martinsburg, W. Va.: Mrs. Hayes had no liquors of any kind on the table while she was at the White House.

S. E. B., Hickory, Mo.: We do not know whether Canada puts an export duty on anything but timber in the log, or not.

O. G. T., Yocky, Ind.: Answers can not be sent by mail; address your question to the Congressman representing your district.

J. A. Wilson, Keota, Iowa: Bulard was born in 1802; Cavendish in 1731, died in 1810; Scheele was born in 1742, died in 1786.

A. X.: Divorces are granted in Ohio for failure to support, cruelty, intemperance, wilful absence of three years, adultery, etc.

Jessie Patterson, Republic City, Kas.: Paris has a population of 1,088,800; Pekin (estimated, but probably too high) 2,000,000.

X. P., Tolono, Ill.: If you look at the head of these columns, you will ascertain that THE BUREAU is not run as a puzzle department.

E. A. D., Crandon, S. D.: We will be much obliged if you will send us your authority for saying Gen. Scott was never Lieutenant General.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1.—We never supposed there was any truth in "Deacon Giles's Distillery." 2.—We never heard of the work.

R. T. S., Tompkinville, Ky.: A rain gauge will catch the same amount of water falling at an angle of 40° that it would if falling straight down.

C. L. G., Rock Spring: We send nothing with the Blade cook stove but what is mentioned in the advertisement, as you might know.

C. W. A., Gr ve, S. D.: We could not give directions for building a box-trap without having an engraving made, and the question is not worth it.

F. C.: Pig iron is common cast iron; as it comes from the furnace it is cast into heavy bars called "pigs." Wrought iron and steel are made from cast iron.

N. M. B., Dayton, Tenn.: Some American gold coins bear a premium, and some do not. If you will send date and denomination, we will try to give the premium.

J. C. J., Sylvania: 1.—Brass expands in heat and contracts in cold, but its expansion when compared with that of steel is as 10 to 6. 2.—Ice freezes from the top.

J. W. Sprague, Morgantown, Ind., writes: The charge was made against the rebel works, Blakely, Ala., that the Union forces at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, April 9, 1865.

A. N. C., Bavaria, Kan.: The fast train between New York and Philadelphia, referred to in the Bureau, is a passenger train. We do not know how many stops it makes.

H. A. H., Philipsburg, Pa.: The salaries paid to "copyists and clerks" by the government run from $500 to $900 a year. We have no idea what policemen there obtain.

T. L. K., Bennington, Mich.: There is no revenue collected on tea or coffee. Both are on the free list. Sugar pays duty, but we have not the figures for the last fiscal year.

Querist, Gibsonburg, O.: The census enumerators are chosen by the supervisors of the districts. In the Miner Kirby, Upper Sandusky, is the supervisor of your district.

M. Arch, Rochester, Minn.: If you will confine your questions to three in number, and make them conform to the rules at the head of this column, they will be answered.

T. A., Florida: 1.—Webster gives preference to de-po as the proper pronunciation of "depot"—a mute o, accent on the second. 2.—The tides are caused by the attraction of the moon.

Jonah Woodward: The United States flag is hoisted over the public school building as an educator, as much as anything else; it teaches the children to respect the flag under which they live.

W. W., Bryantsville, Ind.: The paper in question has no authority for saying that "the Australian ballot is a failure." On the contrary, it is deemed a grand success wherever it has been tried.

White's Valley, Penn.: A machinest works from 8 to 10 hours a day, according to location. The wages range from $2.50 per day to $4 per day. Their wages is also regulated by the location of their position.

N. F. N., Lenova, Kan.: 1.—See Bureau of Feb. 6, "Credit Mobilier." Garfield and other members were partly involved. 2.—Garfield did not "resign his command when his regiment was going into battle."

Reader, Toledo: Hawes made several alleged confessions, but on the gallows he died stating that one Rynes was implicated, but previous events had proved Hawes's dying statement to be untrue.

M. A. R., Willshire, O.: An applicant for a position of postal clerk is examined on geography and his ability to read writing, and he must posses a general knowledge such as is obtained in any good public school.

Buckeye, Gadsden, Ala.: 1.—We have no recipe for cleaning fair leather goods, such as valises, etc. If any one can send one, we shall be glad to publish. 2.—The colored largely exceeds the white Republican vote in the South.

C. W. P., East Newmarket, Mo., writes: "A note not being due, and the holder of that note agrees to take the money, and when the money is offered, refuses to take it, on the ground that is paid up to the time it is due, is it not usury?" No.

G. H. H., Camargo, Ill., writes: The way to polish a pair of buffalo horns is to rasp the rough coat off; then scrape with glass; then sand paper; then wet paper and then water stone. Rub the rotten stone on the horns with a damp woolen rag.

J. W. B., Martinsburg, W. Va.: Benjamin Franklin sayings, called "Poor Richard's Maxims," were published in the success ve numbers of his "Poor Richard's Almanac." We never saw a complete collection, nor do we know where they could be obtained.

J. M., Jackson, Neb.: 1.—It is entirely impossible to get the church affiliations of the inmates of prisons, insane asylums and poorhouses. 2.—There were no Germans at the time of Christ's crucifixion. Germany was a barbarous country, inhabited only by wild tribes, at that time.

J. D., New Rochester, O.: The estimated population of the two cities, at the present time, is: Cincinnati, 325,000; Cleveland, 275,000. We think those estimates too high, however. The census this summer will tell definitely. The census of 1880 gave them: Cincinnati, 255,-139; Cleveland, 160,146.

O. M. E., Managuo, N. D.: 1.—See wool statistics in Bureau of March 20. In 1887 we exported only 22,164 pounds. So the statement is false. 2.—We cannot build ships as cheap as England can, because we pay much higher wages. We do not have to import anything that goes to build a vessel.

G. A., Pickneyville: The projection that reaches up to the overhead wire conveys the electricity from the wires to the motor under the car which furnishes the locomotion. In the storage battery cars no overhead wires are used and the battery is charged from about 12 hours, when it has to be recharged.

C. C. Keller, North Judson, Ind.: The fisheries questions have been discussed at length in Washington by the representatives of the two countries, and Sir Charles Tupper, from Canada. The latter gentleman has just left Washington for Canada to confer with his government before a final settlement of all trouble is made.

G. W. T., Latham, Kan.: The duty imposed by Great Britain, Germany and Mexico upon horses is as follows: Great Britain, free; Germany, $4.84 per head (foals admitted free when mother pays duty); Mexico, $20 each, except geldings. Great Britain admits hogs and cattle free, but we have not the duties of the other countries on them.

W. F. T., Stanton, Mich.: 1.—Water cannot be pumped from an air-tight cistern. If an opening is made, the air can enter, and, by pressing on the water, force it up the pump-stock when a vacuum is created therein by pumping. 2.—The earth is porous and permeated by the atmosphere down to the water-level; hence pumping from a driven well depends on the same principle as from an open well.

W. C. C., Chatham, O.: There is no premium on the silver half dime of 1831; that of 1803, without arrows, if perfect, is worth 20 cents. The silver dollar of 1795 is a Spanish coin of the reign of Charles III. It is worth only its face. The half-cent of 1833 bears no premium. The copper cent of 1814, head to left, if in perfect condition, is worth 5 cents; those of 1847, 1848 and 1852 bear no premium. The gold dollars of 1849 and 1852 bear no premium.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; **getting fat too.** FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY **Incipient Consumption** BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

EVOLUTION OF THE OVERCOAT.
Munsey's Weekly.

ADVICE TO SMOKERS.

MODERATION IS THE ESSENTIAL

Point to be Regarded, According to That Eminent Authority, Sir Morell Mackenzie—An Interesting Discussion.

[Written for the Blade by Sir Morrell Mackenzie. Copyrighted 1890.]

In dealing with the voice, we may concentrate our attention on the singing voice and the marvelous organ which produces it, with its delicate tissues, its highly complex nervous apparatus, and its accurate muscular adjustments, or we may speak of the voice as used in ordinary speech, in which, though there is less question of artistic effect, the mechanism is still extraordinarily complicated, and not only the larynx and throat are used, but the tongue, cheeks and lips are brought into more active play than they are in singing.

Speaking Concerns the Whole Human Family,

while singing belongs to a comparatively small though highly privileged fraction thereof. Tobacco affects both the speaking and the singing voice, though of course its influence is much more noticeable in song, where the physical processes are more elaborate, and where anything that interferes with the smoothness and evenness of tone is as conspicuous as spots on on the sun. The singing voice, therefore, affords the most delicate test whereby the effect of external agencies so slight that in speech their influence would be unnoticed can be accurately gauged. I shall therefore first consider

The Effect of Tobacco Smoke

on the singing voice, and it may be well to ask at the outset: Has it any effect at all? Does the utterance of the smoker betray him, as the husky tones of those who love to look on the wine when it is red often proclaim their infirmity?

That the voice is affected by tobacco is proved by the testimony of singers on the one hand and by the experience of physicians on the other. A very large acquaintance with vocalists of all grades, extending now over a longer period of years than I care to think of, enables me to say that while a few consider their voice as improved, the vast majority think it is more or less injured by smoking. I attach far more importance to the testimony of the latter than to that of the former, as singers have frequently the most eccentric notions of what is "good for the voice." As stout, mustard, and melted tallow candles have each been vaunted by distinguished artistes as vocal elixirs of sovereign efficacy, it is not surprising that tobacco should also have its adherents. The example of Mario, who smoked incessantly, is often cited as proof of the utility, or at any rate the harmlessness, of the practice. It is obvious, however, that an exceptional singer is so by virtue of possessing an exceptional throat, and no rule for general use can be safely founded on such an instance.

Balzac Used to Say

of great men who were victims of the tender passion, that there was no knowing how much greater they might have been if they had been free from that weakness. In the same way we may say of Mario: How much finer might even his voice have been without the eternal cigar? It might be a longer and more unclouded day than Nearly all singers who have not been accustomed to the use of tobacco when first they take to smoking feel that it makes their throats dry and uncomfortable and the voice thick, husky and tremulous, or in some undefined way mars the perfection of their execution. Medical men who have eyes for such things can often see

The Baleful Effects of Immoderate Smoking

writ large on nearly every part of the mucous membrane of the throat. Such, however, is the power possessed by the human organism of adapting itself to the injurious influences that in many persons, just as the stomach becomes tolerant of tobacco, the tissues of the throat become accustomed to the irritating effect of the hot and acrid fumes. Nevertheless, even when such impressions cease to be perceptible, the effect on the mucous membrane may continue to be hurtful, and I have no doubt that a sensitiveness to the presence of tobacco, as it is called, "constitutional tendency," is frequently kept up even by the moderate use of tobacco. It is often

The Abuse of Tobacco

that is at the bottom of chronic congestion, or other slight deviations from the normal condition of the throat, which are put down to other causes. But, besides that, I have not the least doubt that smoking may be injurious to the voice, even when it leaves no visible marks of its action, by impairing the precision of the delicate movement necessary for perfect pronunciation.

The effect of tobacco on the body is both general and local; that is to say, it acts on the nervous centres and on the heart as well as on the parts with which the smoke or the juice comes immediately in contact. The general effect does not concern us here except in so far as the larynx may be affected thereby. It usually finds expression in what is vaguely called "nervousness;" the pulse becomes flurried, and the muscles more or less relaxed and unsteady. This is

Why Smoking Is So Strictly Forbidden

to men training for athletic feats. So marked is the effect of tobacco in relaxing the whole muscular system that before the days of chloroform it was employed in surgical operations in which it was necessary that the muscles should be perfectly limp. It will be readily understood that under the influence of a drug possessing properties the exquisitely delicate adjustments of the various parts of the complicated vocal machinery are to some extent disordered, and the voice, if not quite "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," loses something of its richness and brilliancy. Something analogous to what takes place in the eye as the result of the abuse of tobacco occurs in the larynx, or, rather,

In the Part of the Brain

which governs the movements of that organ. Oculists are familiar with "tobacco amblyopia," that is, dimness of sight, but to what may be called, figuratively, blurring of the retina by tobacco smoke. "Tobacco amblyphonia" would be an equally appropriate name for the corresponding dulness of voice caused by excessive smoking. It must be understood that I speak here solely of singers; the effects which fall beneath unnoticed would have been scarcely, if at all, noticeable in the speaking voice.

When the nicotine does not injure the nervous system the smoke may still irritate the lining membrane of the throat and windpipe. Any one who has been in a highland cottage must be painfully familiar with the effect of the "peat reek" on the eyes. As the mucous membrane lining the larynx is

Even More Sensitive

than that covering the organ of vision, the effect of blasts of hot smoke passing over it may be imagined. Unfortunately, it is possible to harden the delicate membrane to these rough experiences, but in losing its sensitiveness it also loses a good deal of its smoothness and elasticity. The evil effects wrought by tobacco on the larynx consist generally in patches of congestion affecting the upper part of the organ and occasionally the vocal cords themselves. In addition to this in severe cases the cords show a certain sluggishness of movement, which of course makes the tone dull, harsh and uncertain. A marked feature in these cases is dryness of the mucous membrane, a physical condition which deprives the voice of all brilliancy. In a given case it would be impossible by mere ocular inspection to feel certain that these signs of disease arose from smoking, but in the case of young men not thoroughly habituated, I have repeatedly seen conditions brought on by a few days' smoking, which have disappeared altogether when the patient has abstained.

In the upper portion of the throat the parts most exposed to the action of hot smoke are the uvula and the soft palate or little curtain which screens off the mouth from the back of the throat, and it is there accordingly that the effects are most marked. Patches of redness, enlargement of the tiny blood vessels, swelling of the uvula, crops of little blisters which break and give rise to small but painful ulcers, and finally a rough, gritty, almost warty and discolored condition of what was once a beautiful smooth pink surface—these are the chief features of the picture too often presented by the smoker's palate. Dryness is here also a very characteristic feature of chronic nicotism. Everywhere in the throat the natural secretion which should lubricate the parts is dried up or thickened to a glutinous material which clogs instead of oiling the wheels of the vocal machine.

The Tongue Often Suffers Severely

from the effects of tobacco. Small excoriations, blisters, chronic superficial inflammation and white patches, sometimes of a most horny consistence, are formed on the surface of the organ, and a permanently unhealthy condition is induced, which, in those predisposed to cancer, is apt, under the influence of advancing age or as the result of the prolonged local irritation, to lead to the development of that disease. The same observation applies to the superficial ulceration which affects the sides of the root of the tongue. In this situation there are a number of delicate projections or so-called papillæ, the exquisitely fine points of which readily become inflamed when exposed to irritation. It is in this situation that

Cancer of the Tongue

is exceedingly apt to commence, but whether this terrible disease actually originates from merely irritation or whether it must first be in the system and is only brought to a focus, so to speak, by local irritation, has not yet been determined. Even if the latter hypothesis be correct, the disease must often be brought on by causes that would not otherwise develop and it occurs in a situation where its symptoms are peculiarly distressing.

More rarely smoking causes chronic inflammation of the lips, which sometimes gives rise to cracks which are always very troublesome and not infrequently end in deadly disease. In several of the morbid conditions which I have described it is obvious that the changes of structure are more important than the loss of vocal function, and indeed in many cases serious disease may be present while the voice is but little affected.

It need hardly be said that the conditions of the throat and other parts of the vocal instrument which I have here sketched are

Not the Work of a Few Months or of Moderate Smoking;

they are the result of years of excessive indulgence. There is, of course, every shade of degree in the susceptibility of different individuals, and much also depends on the kind of tobacco used and on the manner of smoking. Persons whose skin and mucous membranes are naturally irritable are more easily affected than others, while those of strongly marked rheumatic or gouty tendencies are especially likely to suffer.

The effects of oversmoking on the throat, when the habit has not been too long indulged in, can, as a rule, be easily cured by the simple remedy of discontinuing the practice which engenders them. In considering the evils produced by smoking, it should be borne in mind that there is no more lasting stain produced by the fumes of tobacco. The one is the poisonous nicotine and the other is the high temperature of the burning tobacco. The oriental hookah, in which the smoke is cooled by being passed through water before reaching the mouth, is probably the least harmful form of indulgence in tobacco, and the cigarette which is so much in vogue nowadays is most certainly the worst. It owes this "bad eminence" to the very nimble nicotine which it yields, and thereby tempted to smoke all day long, and easily accustoming themselves to inhale the fumes into their lungs, and thus saturating their blood with the poison.

To sum up, I believe that

Most People Can Smoke in Moderation

without injury, and that to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative. On the other hand, if indulged in to excess, the habit is always injurious, and I am sure that a great many persons either cannot see or willfully shut their eyes to the "scientific frontier" which separates moderation from abuse. It must also be borne in mind that the condition of the throat as well as that of the general health varies greatly at different times, and that an amount of smoking which, at one time, would be attended with no bad effect, might at another produce serious harm. Every smoker knows that when the stomach is out of order the pipe or cigar loses its charm, but it is not so generally known that at such times the tongue (which, to the physician's eye, is a mirror of the invisible stomach) and the throat are more vulnerable than usual to tobacco.

To conclude with a little practical advice, I would say to any one who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal, and if he be a singer or speaker, let him do so after, and never before, using the voice. Let him smoke

A Mild Havana or a Long-Stemmed Pipe

charged with cool smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a meerschaum which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter end, is may be added, rank and oily end. Your Turk, who is very choice in his smoking and thoroughly understands the art, always throws away the near half of his cigarette. Let the singer who wishes to keep the "pearly gates of ivory" refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree, is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane that lurks in it when used to excess.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

CITY LIFE.

Scant Opportunities for the Country Girl Who Seeks Society and Employment.

A writer in *Wide Awake*, discussing the subject of business for women, says: "I have heard country girls talk of coming to the city for employment, giving one reason that they wanted more social life. Well, that is just what they will not get; the woman of business is not a woman of leisure, and she has no time for society. She will find more social life in her own home, even if she be a worker, than she could ever have in the city, and there is no lonesomeness more absolute than the loneliness of a stranger in a crowd.

"Salaries are not large enough to permit of much relaxation in the way of entertainments, and after the day's work is over one is too tired to go in search of enjoyment. In the country home in these days the daily paper and the magazine come, so that one may keep in touch with the world, even if she be at one side of the bustle and confusion of city life. The fashion articles tell her how to dress her hair and make her gown, and give the latest notions in small toilet details.

"No town is so small that it has not its public library, where all the new books come, and the lecture and concert are not infrequent in visits. Railways and telegraphs have brought the corners of the earth together, so that one is never so very far away from the center of things. There are occupations, too, for the girls who stay in the country. Do not throng the cities in search of employment, for you will be doomed to bitter disappointment.

"The country stores employ women as well as city stores, and many a girl makes a good beginning in them. I myself know country towns where a few years ago nearly all the positions in stores were held by young men, which to-day are held by women. Everywhere it has come to be quite the accepted order of things that women shall sell goods."

—Every tissue of the body, every bone, muscle and organ, is made stronger and more healthful by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOMESICK.

Here in the South am I,
On the Southron sandy loam,
Beneath a Southron sky,
But my thoughts are all at home.

'Tis there my father sits,
With his paper on his knee;
My mother sews or knits—
I know they think of me.

My sister, her music lies,
Her hands o'er the key-boards tray;
Tender the look in her eyes,
She thinks of her brother away.

My dog, he whines in the hall,
For a sad old dog is he,
Waiting in vain for my call,
For he too, misses me.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

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ROBINSON LOCKE..... Editor.

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Circulation Last Week, 100,000.

TO COMRADES WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Our soldier friends are sending us in lists of names of comrades who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them sample copies, and receive their aid in working for a more liberal and just scale of pensions. Quite a number of comrades and others will receive sample copies of this issue. To them we say: We want the aid of your influence in our effort to build up public sentiment all over the country in favor of better pension legislation; to this end, we ask you to subscribe, and for your help to get others to do so. The influence of a paper is in direct proportion to the number of people who read it; and we propose to make our work count with Congress in this matter. We propose to *compel* our dilatory law-makers to do something; and to make the pension question a leading issue in the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress at the polls this fall. Will you help us? Give us the aid of your example, your assistance, and your influence!

THE BLAIR BILL DEFEATED.

The Blair educational bill was defeated in the Senate on the 20th, the vote standing: Yeas 31—Republicans 25, Democrats 8; nays 37—Republicans 18, Democrats 19. The vote by members is given in the telegraphic columns of this issue. Mr. BLAIR changed his vote from the affirmative to the negative in order to move a reconsideration, which he did; but the prospect is not good for the reversal of the majority against the measure.

Senator HAWLEY (Republican), of Connecticut, in his speech advanced the financial argument against the bill, showing that if the appropriations which are probable pass at the present session, the revenue will be less than the expenditures for the nex fiscal year. Mr. HAWLEY'S figures are interesting. The estimated revenue for the next fiscal year is $450,000,000, and he figures out a total expenditure of $523,842,000, which would leave a deficit of $73,142,000.

His figures on appropriations include deficiencies in the appropriations of the last Congress of $31,000,000; the appropriation for the direct tax bill, if it pass, of $17,500,000; the Blair bill for the first year, $7,000,000; new navy, $7,000,000; the dependent pension bill, $35,000,000. While this showing is enough to have defeated the bill, the probability is that it would not have passed, even had such a state of affairs not existed. This probably puts a quetus on the Blair measure for good, and the matter of education will be left entirely to the states.

WRITE POSTAL CARDS!

Let every reader of THE BLADE who wishes to have Congress, at *this* session, pass a service pension bill, write *two* postal cards—one to his Representative, the other to one of the Senators from his state—*at once!* Read the article headed, "Comrades, Attention!" under the Pension head, on the 5th page. That will tell you what to do.

THE New York *Sun* is a Democratic paper, and its editorial comments on the McKinley tariff bill are worth consideration. It says:

"It appears that Mr. McKinley and his associates propose to reduce the annual revenue by about $60,000,000. The present condition of the national finances certainly warrants no greater cut than that. The reduction of $60,000,000 in taxation would be distributed about like this:

Reduced duties on sugar	$26,500,000
Additions to free list	1,500,000
Other revisions of tariff schedules	14,000,000
Reduction of internal revenue taxes	18,000,000

"Nevertheless, the McKinley plan repeals internal revenue taxation to a degree less by at least $45,000,000 than the reduction contemplated by the Randall bill of 1888, and less by some six or seven millions than even the Mills bill of that same year.

"Now, as a matter of fact, the surplus revenue from the internal taxes is growing faster proportionately than the surplus revenue from duties collected at the custom houses. For this reason, and not less because of the odious and unnatural character of that form of taxation, the internal revenue should be the principal object of attack, as it was in the measure proposed by Mr. Randall just two years ago."

THE House committee on Library has authorized a favorable report on the Senate resolution appropriating $75,000 for the erection of a bronze statue of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, at the western entrance of the capitol grounds at Washington, and for the removal of the Peace monument now occupying the site to a square in the northwest section of the city. This Peace monument has been a *bete noir* to the ex-rebel brigadiers ever since they were permitted to return to Congress. THE BLADE made extended comment some time ago upon this persistent effort made to remove it from its present prominent location, and urged that it ought not to succeed. There is no objection to the statue or COLUMBUS, but the Peace monument should not be interfered with. Every ex-Union soldier should protest against its removal.

NEXT January the divisions of Australia—New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia and North Australia—are to hold a convention to consider the practicability of confederation. They are closely allied by political and commercial interests, and the idea of federation steadily gains ground among the people. Australia is a wonderful country, rich in resources, and her people are full of the spirit of progress. The proposed step may lead in the future to a federative republic, on the plan of our own. Indeed, the "United States of Australia" would sound well.

REPRESENTATIVE CRISP, of Georgia, is bitterly opposed to Mr. LODGE'S federal elections bill. He says; "While it is ostensibly for the whole country, there is no state in the North where 500 voters of either party would ask the appointment of federal officers." Well, what of it? Laws are not made for law-abiding men; they are for the punishment of lawlessness. Mr. CRISP'S statement implies that there would be cases in the South, where 500 voters would ask for the appointment of officers as provided by the bill—and this indicates that the measure is needed.

IT may be but a question of a short time before the aristocracy of England will be burning Ohio and Pennsylvania coal. Pittsburg capitalists are contemplating a line of coal steamers to Liverpool, and Parliament may soon be agitating the question of a tariff on the American fuel.

HELP SERVICE PENSIONS!

Let every reader of THE BLADE who wishes that Congress shall, at *this* session, pass a service pension bill, write *two* postal cards, as directed in the article on the fifth page, under the Pensions head, entitled, "Comrades, Attention!" Do it AT ONCE!!

STEALING HEAVEN'S LIVERY TO SERVE THE RUM DEVIL.

A friend in Nebraska sends us a batch of the anti-amendment literature circulated in that state by the liquor men. The principal document is a sixteen-page one, whose title alleges it to be a "Supplement to the *Farm Herald*;" but it is without date, and fails to mention the office of publication. We happen to know that it is printed at Louisville, Kentucky, under the auspices of the "National Protective association," an organization of distillers and wholesale whisky men. Over thirteen of its sixteen pages are devoted to an article entitled, "Biblical Reason Why Prohibition is Wrong," by Rev. J. R. SIKES. Who this clerical person is, does not appear. His address is not given, nor the denomination with which he is connected. We have never heard of the gentleman save in connection with anti-Prohibition literature, and his name is not among the eminent ones of our pulpit orators.

His wearisome pages are devoted to a seemingly learned discussion of "wine" and strong drink," wherever they occur in the Bible. The original Hebrew and Greek terms are given, their derivation discussed and their meanings in the various places where they occur are attempted to be set forth. It is admitted that the abuse of these drinks is denounced, but the plea is artfully made that their use in moderation is allowed, and even commended; and the conclusion is therefore drawn that Prohibition is wrong, because it cannot "be reconciled with the command of God to buy and use wines;" that the sale thereof is not wrong, "in and of itself;" and that "Prohibition practically repudiates the Bible, impugns the wisdom and impeaches the character of God the Father, arraigns Jesus Christ as a criminal, and stultifies the Christian world by placing it in the attitude of worshiping One whose recorded action is in violation of the criminal law."

This long-winded screed is intended to circulate among church people, with the idea that their veneration of the Scriptures will mislead them into opposing Prohibition, in the mistaken idea that it is opposed to their teachings. It is not worth the space it would require to take up the article and point out its defects. It can be disposed of in a very little time, because there is nothing in it which applies to the present age of the world, as we shall proceed to show.

Whisky, brandy, rum, gin, and all other distilled liquors were unknown in Biblical times. The art of distilling was not discovered until the middle ages, over a thousand years after the latest book of the New Testament was written. Nor was beer, ale, or any other malt liquor known, for the art of brewing had not then been discovered. The only intoxicants known to the people mentioned in the Bible, or that is spoken of anywhere in it, was wine, made from grapes.

Suppose, at the time CHRIST lived upon the earth and went daily in and out among the people of Judea, that Jerusalem and the other cities and villages he visited had been full of saloons, dispensing fiery whisky and other spirituous liquors, and beer and other brewery slops; can any Christian doubt but that His words would have been of the severest denunciation against not only those who patronized them and reeled through the streets in a state of beastly intoxication, but also against the men whose sole occupation it was to deal out these liquid poisons to their fellowmen? We ask, is it possible that any one can suppose that He would have commended either the saloon or its patrons?

Even were it admitted what this man SIKES attempts to prove—that God commanded the purchase of wine, whether intoxicating or not—even SIKES himself will not have the hardihood to claim that this extends to whisky, beer, and the modern alcoholic poisons which were utterly unknown when the Bible was written. This entirely disposes of his labored argument. It does not apply to the drinks which cause the great bulk of intemperance to-day. God does not command us to buy beer or whisky; nor can any one, by any means, make the word "wine" stand for any distilled or brewed liquor.

SIKES begins his article with the following introduction:

"We lay it down as a fundamental principle that any law which makes it a criminal offense to follow the example of Jesus Christ or live in accordance with the teachings of the Bible in matters pertaining to the personal liberty in eating and drinking, so fully guaranteed to us in the Gospel, is anti-Biblical and subversive of our religious as well as our civil rights. This prohibition does, as the following analysis of the Bible teaching on the subject abundantly proves."

He starts out with a lie. Our Savior never tasted any spirituous or malt liquor, of course, for there were none in existence then. No saloon in this country sells wine alone, nor could one exist on the patronage of wine-drinkers alone. The amount of wine drank in the United States is trivial when compared with the enormous quantities of other liquors that are consumed.

Prohibition is in entire accord with the teachings of the Bible, for it aims to prevent men from entering on the employment of tempting their neighbors, of being stumbling-blocks in their path. But it is not a religious question, it is one of morality, of the public good. There is no possible argument to be wrested from the Bible to support the occupation of liquor-selling, no more than there is to support any other evil thing. The effort of this man SIKES, whoever he may be, is an effort to seduce honest and well-meaning people into supporting the saloon and all the evils of which it is the source, through misleading them on this topic. We think the people of Nebraska are too intelligent to be diverted, by this atrocious pamphlet, from their purpose, by their votes, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

AN adjournment of the Pan-American conference is looked for within thirty days, after which the delegates will be taken on a trip through the south. By way of expressing their appreciation of the hospitalities and courtesies extended them, the delegates from Central and South America propose to inaugurate a movement for the erection of a monument at Washington, as a gift to the people, to commemorate the gathering of the first congress of all the nations of the Western Hemisphere. It is proposed to raise a fund of $125,000 for this purpose.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S report of business for the past week is unusually encouraging. The volume of business is much larger than in any previous year, at this season, and the rail lines are carrying enormous east-bound freight. Bank clearings are larger than usual, and the actual shrinkage of consumption is confined principally to the few lines affected directly by the mild winter. Trade in every section of the country, especially in the South, is represented as satisfactory, with better collections. This is a bright outlook for the season now opening.

JAPAN is to have an exposition at Tokio, opening April 1, and closing July 31. The Japs are a progressive people, and their first exposition promises to be a success.

CERTAIN PUBLIC TENDENCIES.

It is said that a Philadelphia publisher has offered the Princess of Wales $5,000 for a contribution of a hundred words upon some given subject, giving expression to her views. As yet she has not signified whether she is willing to earn this pin money by playing into this enterprising publisher's hand or not. Unless there is something back in the matter which the public is not informed about, and a good is to be accomplished by this appearance of a princess of the blood royal in the pages of a public journal, we do not believe that she will accept the offer. She is a woman of too much dignity of character to allow herself to be used as an advertisement with which to increase the shekels of an individual or company, even though the price for so doing is put at so large a figure. It is too palpable a money-making scheme for her to lend herself to its forwarding.

Whether she does or does not, however, the offer of itself shows to what extremes the public appetite for sensation is becoming whetted. Something out of the ordinary is in constant request. It does not matter much what it is, only that it be novel enough to attract attention, thrill the community or people at large with an intensity of interest sufficient to make a large demand for the source of information in regard to the matter.

Time was, and that not so very long ago, when no one asked or thought about the personality of an author, inventor, artist or individual who had done something to interest the public. Now, and the appetite is increasing day by day, the smallest particulars are devoured with avidity. A mole on the chin, a cast in the eye, is of importance. The newspaper that omits to give a description of the daily home life of the men and women who are keeping the public gaze either by great achievement, or by great crime, that does not hold the mirror to the past, and reflect whatever there may have been there of good and evil, is declared lacking in enterprise. Sickening details that fill the mind with horror are read voraciously from beginning to end, even while the reader protests against their being printed, and the paper that panders to this taste is sure to have a paying circulation, provided it is gotten up skillfully.

One thing is certain. The newspapers, journals and books of the day are absolute reflexes of the people. Especially is this true of the first. They are no longer simply the vehicles to carry the thoughts and opinions of one man to the public, but they are to picture the thought of a majority or minority, as the case may be, of that public. They are the organs through which the people speak, and nowhere can their moral, intellectual and social condition be so quickly learned. The very fact that what is called personal journalism has attained such a monstrous growth, is a proof that it is demanded, or it would not live a day. And when a publisher offers $5,000 to the Princess of Wales for a hundred words, it is simply a shrewd recognition of a public taste, the gratification of which will line the pockets of the enterprising publisher. This tendency may be regretted, but it cannot be denied.

CROOK'S INDIAN POLICY.

The death of General CROOK removes the Indian's best friend. General SHERMAN'S remark that CROOK was "the most successful man in dealing with the Indians that the United States ever had in its service," high praise as it is, expresses nothing but the truth. He may be termed the originator of the policy on which the "Indian Rights association" was founded—which has, for its main features, the abandonment of tribal relations, the establishment of the Indians as small farmers upon land of which each is to be an individual proprietor, and their incorporation, as far as possible, in the mass of the white population. Gen. CROOK had made an exhaustive study of the Indian character and of the problem of dealing with the red men, and the policy outlined above embraced the conclusions he reached. He was no advocate of the barbarous idea that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." He dealt justly but firmly with the red men, and made "the punishment fit the crime" in such a way that the Indians understood it, and recognized the justice of his course. His policy was such that he had more influence with them than any other man in the nation. Who is there to fill the place left vacant by death?

THE SUNDAY SALOON.

It is the open Sunday saloon that swells the Police court docket. It is the lack of enforcement of the Owen law and of the city ordinances on this subject, that permits the saloon front door or the side door to be open on Sunday. The law is constantly being violated in Toledo, and the police docket records dozens of arrests for Sunday drunks. The enforcement of the law would mean less disorder and less expense to the city in maintaining workhouses and jails. Half of the remonstrances against the Ryan amendment to the Owen law are by superintendents of workhouses, infirmaries, asylums and other houses of detention and charity. These men know the inevitable results of wide-open Sunday saloons, and protest strongly against it.

THE Emperor of Germany has appointed General VON CAPRIVI, commander of the Tenth army corps, Chancellor of the Empire, to succeed Prince BISMARCK. VON CAPRIVI is not widely known outside of Germany, and there is much curiosity to ascertain why he was selected for the position. One reason assigned is that the young Emperor believes the Chancellor should be a military man, the idea being that he would know better how far he should go in diplomacy with foreign nations if war should be among the possibilities. VON CAPRIVI'S course in the Prussian Diet has always been a conciliatory one, and his reputation is that of a clear-headed man, moderate in his views of governmental policy.

THE evidence in the trial of Commander MCCALLA, of the U. S. steamship Enterprise, shows that he was kind when sober, but brutal when drunk. The investigation should necessarily proceed no farther to warrant the dismissal of MCCALLA. The United States navy should not be disgraced by a drunken commander, no matter whether he is foolish or brutal when intoxicated. There can be no excuse for MCCALLA'S retention in the navy under these circumstances and he should be given a chance to sober up in private life.

POLITICAL principles are good things to have, but some men make a political creed their fetish, as did the old Pennsylvania Democrat who died a few days ago, leaving his property to his grandsons, providing they voted the Democratic ticket, and to his granddaughters if they married Democrats. If they did not abide by this, the money was to go to the Democratic Central committee. This is the kind of Democracy which made the Northern copperhead a possibility during the era of the civil war.

SOMEBODY is certainly wrong. The Democratic free trade papers down East are saying that the Iowa election last fall was a "rebuke" to Senator ALLISON because he is a protectionist; but Governor BOIES declares that the Democratic gains were chiefly due to the enthusiasm with which Iowa Democrats threw themselves into the fight against prohibition.

THE new tariff bill is a heavy blow to the sugar trust, and in its sugar schedules in sweet contrast to the Mills bill.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

THE MILD WINTER.

It is well known that the sun-spots appear to increase and decrease in an eleven-year cycle; that is, the spots increase in frequency and size for between five and six years, and then diminish, reaching a minimum in some five or six years more. Another five or six years again brings the maximum. However, the intervals between minimum and maximum are somewhat irregular, and further observations are necessary before we can fix with certainty the periodicity of this phenomenon.

We are now at or near the period of solar calm and fewest spots. Prof. TACCHINI, the great Italian astronomer, has just sent a paper to the Paris Academy in which he details his observations from the middle of last year to the end of January, showing that very few spots or faculæ have appeared on our luminary's disc within that time, whence he deduces this conclusion: "The state of grand calm in which the sun has continued since the month of August, justifies us in considering that we are in the period of the veritable minimum."

The tentative theory has been frequently broached that the period of solar calm is synchronous with abnormal weather on the earth. What may be the nature of this connection, no one knows as yet. The mild winter which has just closed adds its evidence to the truth of the theory, but furnishes no explanation. It is not to be assumed that periods of solar calm are always accompanied by warm winters and hot summers, for some periods of fewest spots have been during years marked by very severe winters, while last summer was notably cool. The fact seems to be that the period is accompanied by terrestrial weather in which there are variations between heat and cold during the year show the least divergence from the general average for a series of years. Whether there are mere coincidences, or there is a real connection; and if the latter, what is the underlying cause, are interesting problems for the meteorologists and astronomers to solve.

GEN. ROBERT C. SCHENCK.

The death of Gen. ROBERT C. SCHENCK will be deeply mourned, not only in Ohio, where he was deeply loved, but throughout the whole country, for his reputation was national. As a soldier he was brave and efficient as a legislator he was fearless and consistent, and as a diplomat he was accomplished and thoroughly devoted to the interests of his country. In the trying times of the rebellion, Gen. SCHENCK filled a large share of public attention by his noble conduct in the field and his no less brilliant and effective service in Congress. In private life he was loved for his manly qualities and his kindly disposition. His whole life reflected credit upon Ohio, the state of his birth, and upon his country, both of which he served faithfully and with distinguished ability. As a gallant Union officer, as a brilliant debater and legislator, as a successful diplomat and as a genial, honorable man, his name will live in the history of his country and his memory will be honored by posterity.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly BLADE one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

INDIANAPOLIS Republicans have brilliant prospects of carrying the city at the spring election. Outside of New York with its Tammany crowd, few cities have so corrupt a ring as the Democratic officials of the capital of Indiana. Standing head and shoulders above all is SIM COY, who not only knows what toll is, from having labored in the penitentiary of the state, but who is once more in the lead of municipal politics of his party. Morally and financially the rule of this odious ring has hurt Indianapolis. The shame of SULLIVAN'S flight, the insane asylum ring, the Bernhamer crowd, notorious throughout the United States, have turned the attention of the people to that city. Its redemption this spring from the hands of convicts and political sharks will be hailed with joy by the patriotic people of the whole country.

THE leaven of progress is working in Missouri, and the Bourbons there are much distressed by the growth and political activity of the Farmers and Laborers' union, and other allied organizations, which are turning against the Democratic party, and threaten to make things unpleasant and insecure for the Democrats in the close legislative and congressional districts. The day is arriving when Missouri will abandon Bourbonism forever.

THE Lieutenant Governor of New York has been counting a quorum in the state senate, as Speaker REED did in the House at Washington. This is no new thing, however; the practice of using a "visible quorum" has been in vogue at Albany for years. It is a sensible one, no matter who is hurt by it.

THE McKinley tariff bill goes to the House considerably earlier than the Mills bill was reported in 1888 to the Democratic House; and it will not be discussed for three months and a half before being being passed by that body as was that free trade measure.

SECRETARY WINDOM'S appointment as secretary of the Treasury a year ago was received with considerable adverse comment all over the country, but he has made a most judicious and capable official, and the wisdom of his choice has been vindicated by results.

SENATOR BLAIR has introduced his educational bill, which was recently defeated in the Senate, in a new form, but it is hardly likely that it will be acted upon this session.

BISMARCK'S RESIGNATION.

It is safe to say that no single event in the list of possibilities in European political circles, unless we except his death, could have produced so tremendous a sensation as BISMARCK'S resignation of the position of Chancellor of the German Empire. Well may the Vienna papers remark that "History begins a new page," and that "The world without BISMARCK can not easily be imagined." No man has been so potent in shaping the destines of Europe as the Iron Chancellor. Since 1862 he has been the arbiter of Prussian and German policy, and to him is due the policy which eventuated in the establishment of the German Empire. German politics without BISMARCK will be much like the play of "Hamlet" with HAMLET left out.

OTTO LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK was born at Brandenburg on April 1, 1815, and hence is close upon his 75th birthday. His diplomatic career began in 1851, as a secretary of legation. Next he was made Prussian ambassador to the Germanic Diet at Frankfort; and from this dates his life-work—that of extending Prussia's domain and power. In 1859 he was made ambassador to Russia, which he held until 1862, his efforts being directed to bringing about close diplomatic relations between Prussia and the Czar's empire. He was then recalled to Berlin and made minister of Foreign Affairs and head of the cabinet; and from that time has been the controlling factor in continental politics.

His first act was to dissolve the chamber of deputies because they had failed to approve the budget, despite the protests of the press. He at once began the work of army reorganization, and the brief war against Austria in 1866 was the first step in the realization of his purpose of Prussian domination. Aided by Italy, Prussia defeated Austria, and broke her power in German politics. The old German Diet was dissolved, and Schleswig-Holstein added to Prussia, as the result of that campaign. In steady pursuance of his policy, Hanover, Hesse Cassel, Frankfort and Nassau were also joined to the Prussian kingdom, the North German confederation of 22 states, with 22,000,000 population, was formed, and the union between Prussia and Saxony completed.

Next came the war with France, the capture of NAPOLEON III, the capitulation of Paris and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany—and as a result the accomplishment of BISMARCK'S dream of the rehabilitation of the German Empire, with King WILLIAM of Prussia as Kaiser. BISMARCK was the King's adviser in this conflict, the dictator of the terms of peace, and the man of "blood and iron," who had been made a Count in 1865, was raised to the rank of a Prince, and the office created for him of Chancellor of the German Empire. His anti-Catholic crusade, and the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, followed; and since 1878 he has devoted his energies to crushing out the Socialistic movement which has found so many adherents throughout the empire.

The reasons for his retirement are not as yet given. Probably it will be found that there has been a constant divergence of views on imperial policy between himself and the young Emperor WILLIAM. The latter is self-willed and rash, and it may well be imagined that he should be restive under the old chancellor's tutelage; BISMARCK is a man of iron will, and would sooner resign than adopt a policy which his mature judgment or his prejudices, or both, would utterly condemn. We predict that, whatever point was made the opportunity for his resignation, it will appear in the future that it was a mere excuse, and that the real reason lay in a radical difference of opinion between Kaiser and Chancellor.

HELP SERVICE PENSIONS!

Let every reader of THE BLADE who wishes that Congress shall, at *this* session, pass a service pension bill, write *two* postal cards, as directed in the article on the fifth page, under the Pensions head, entitled, "Comrades, Attention!" Do it AT ONCE!!

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BOB INGERSOLL was a guest of the New York Press club banquet a few nights ago, and in his speech remarked as follows:

"Gentlemen of the press, I like you. I have a great admiration for you. In fact, I like all men who can create something. In fact I like men who are not tied down to the dull earth by ordinary facts. Stupidity can tell a thing exactly as it is, but it requires brain to tell it as it ought to have been. That is why I like the press."

Probably "Pagan Bob" was having his little joke, for he certainly knows that the modern newspaper's most earnest endeavor is to get the truth concerning any occurrence, and then to print it. The old Bohemian idea of writing up a thing "as it ought to have been," irrespective of the cold facts, has passed into innocuous desuetude. The men who make their mark in newspaper work are those who can tell the "ordinary facts" regarding any news matter, and tell them so entertainingly as to make the report interesting, without having to resort to the Ananias expedient; and it requires brain to do this. Stupidity generally is a liar; intelligence adheres to the truth.

THE doctors of London and Paris are involved in a wordy war over young "JACK" LINCOLN'S case, the French physicians claiming the English doctors practically killed the boy, and the Englishmen averring that the French planted the seeds of dissolution and death in his system, and then left him. While medical science and humanity may reap vast benefit from this discussion, the fact remains that the poor boy is dead.

ACCORDING to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S new American Newspaper Directory for 1890, there are 55 papers having actual average editions exceeding 100,000 copies each issue. The circulation of these is more than one-sixth of the total issues of all the 17,760 papers which are published. The Toledo, Ohio, WEEKLY BLADE is one of the fifty-five.

SENATORS CALL, of Florida, and GEORGE, of Mississippi, have again made themselves ridiculous by requesting to be relieved from further service on the committee on Immigration, of which Senator CHANDLER is chairman. Such childishness is out of place in men fit to fill senatorial positions.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

The MCKINLEY tariff bill is substantially completed, and the Associated Press report from Washington brings a synopsis of the changes it contemplates. It adheres to the declaration of the National Republican platform of 1888, that the revenue shall be reduced and the protective principle be conserved. The reduction in revenue is estimated to be about $60,000,000 per year. Of this, some $26,000,000 is by a heavy cut on the sugar duties; some $18,000,000 by the reductions in internal revenue taxation; and the reductions in other duties, and the placing of a large number of articles on the free list, make up the remaining $16,000,000 of the estimated reduction.

The duty on sugar is reduced an average of over one-half, and a corresponding cut is made on molasses. The wool duties have been increased 1½ cents a pound, with a revised classification, which will give the protection so long asked for by the wool-growers. The duty on lumber is reduced one-half, with a provision that in case Canada puts an export duty on lumber, the present rates are to be revived. There is a general increase of duties upon all agricultural products, in response to the demands of the farmer, including barley, oats, hops, buckwheat and seeds, butter and potatoes. Eggs and hides are taken from the free list and duties imposed. There is an increase upon imported fruits, also. Barbed wire fencing is reduced, the duty on steel rails is reduced to $13 a ton, and a number of other metal reductions made. The duty on tin plate is raised, which will have the effect of originating a new industry in this country, and save many millions that are now paid out to foreign manufacturers of this article.

The internal revenue revision embraces some important changes. The special taxes, commonly called "licenses," on liquor dealers, tobacconists, etc., are all abolished; farmers raising tobacco can sell it to whom they please, without restriction; the tobacco tax is reduced, and alcohol used in the arts is made free.

Altogether, the changes outlined in the dispatches are to be commended. They reduce the revenue, and the surplus can no longer be used as a bugbear to frighten the people. The revenue will practically be no greater than the expenditures, if anything like justice is done to the surviving veterans of the rebellion, and the tariff will no longer be open to the attacks of the Democrats, unless they unmask themselves as free traders.

"DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES" VERY CHEAP, TO CLOSE OUT.

Although several very large editions of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" have been printed, the supply is nearly exhausted. We have a remainder of only a few dozen on hand, the covers of which are slightly discolored, but the inside of the books is as good as ever.

We will send these by mail, postpaid, at *one dollar* each. The regular price is $2. It is a book of 600 pages, filled with valuable and proved recipes. The supply is very small, and they will be all gone within a few weeks. Order quickly! You will get the book at half price, and aside from slight discolorations of the cover, they are equal to new.

RAILWAY EXTENSIONS SOUTHWARD.

There are certain developments as to railway building that are of the deepest interest to the people of the states of the West and Northwest, especially of those which have adopted stringent legislative control of railway freight rates. There are 5,038 miles of new road now building, of which 3,266 are south of the Mississippi. There are 7,051 miles so far projected for construction this year, of which 4,852 are east of that river. That is, three-fifths of the extension so far is in the cis-Mississippi states. A few years ago the bulk of new lines was west of that river. Legislation looking to severe state control of rates has checked this, and the bulk of the new lines will be built in states which have not adopted such a policy.

Pennsylvania and Georgia are the two great railroad-building states this year, and the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida furnishes one-third the lines under construction and half of those projected. In other words, the expansion for this year is the extension of lines connecting New England and the Middle states with the South Atlantic coast. This shows that capital is not being invested where there is a certainty of poor returns, or none at all. It is going where state restriction is not practiced. But railroad building means more competition, and a reduction of rates; and the extension of new lines between the South and North in the states named will recast railroad relations along the entire strip of coast between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. Its tendency will also be to reduce freights on Southern products, a matter which can but concern Northern and Western producers. It will build up the South, to the detriment of the West. It has always seemed to us that the building of more lines in the West, so as to give competition and lower rates, and thus build up the country, was the true solution of the problem. We advise the people of the West to watch carefully the developments of the coming season in railway matters.

EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE in an interview says that while the extravagant expenditures of the party in power and its proposed partisan laws were important questions they would not be the overtopping issues of the fall campaign, but that the great question would continue to be the relief of the people from unnecessary taxation by tariff laws. The relief will come in the tariff bill which has been prepared by the House Ways and Means committee, and which preserves the principle of protection to American labor and American industries. This bill will be passed by Congress and become a law. Then this discussion will be squarely between the principles of protection and free trade, and the country will render the same verdict as it did in the last Presidential election. Protection will win.

EVERYTHING is evidently not as smooth and rose-colored in Germany as the Emperor's rescripts would lead one to believe. If the reasons given by Prince BISMARCK for his resignation, which are said to be quite extensive, could be published, they would probably throw considerable light upon his relations with their autocratic young Emperor, who desires to hold the reins of government in his own hands.

A YOUNG man in Maryland committed suicide because he was about to be married. Many a man has been tempted to take his own life after he has been married, but it is rarely that one has the forethought displayed in this particular case. The expectant bride is to be congratulated.

THE proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith so far seems to meet the approbation of the Presbyterian church. There are 211 presbyteries in the United States, of which 51 have already voted on the question of revision, 36 in favor and only 15 against. The General Assembly meets in May, and the discussion on this point will be exceedingly interesting.

HON. SIDNEY E. MUDD, who was given the seat in the House of Representatives from the Fifth Maryland district, over COMPTON, Democrat, whose certificate of election was shown to have been illegally obtained, is the fifth Republican who has won a contested seat this session. The House now stands 173 Republicans to 157 Democrats—a Republican majority of 16.

WRITE POSTAL CARDS!

Let every reader of THE BLADE who wishes to have Congress, at *this* session, pass a service pension bill, write *two* postal cards—one to his Representative, the other to one of the Senators from his state—*at once!* Read the article headed, "Comrades, Attention!" under the Pension head, on the 5th page. That will tell you what to do.

THE NEW CENSUS.

The preparations for the great work of taking the census next June are now practically completed. The actual work of enumeration will cover about one month, when the returns will be sent in to the census bureau from all parts of the Union, and the work of classification and combination will begin. The entire country has been divided into 175 supervisors' districts, and under each one of these supervisors there will be from 150 to 200 or more enumerators, and each of these enumerators will have his boundaries of work fixed and his work classified as closely as possible. No supervisor will have over 4,000 people to look after.

The army of enumerators, some 35,000 strong, will begin their work simultaneously on the 21 of June, and must complete their labors within a month. In cities of over 100,000 population the canvass must be finished within two weeks. The enumerators must be residents of their respective fields of operation, and are expected to be personally familiar with a good share of the people whom they visit. As a matter of general interest, we append the list of questions which the enumerators will carry with them, to be answered by citizens:

1. Give Christian name in full, and initial of middle name or surname.
2. Whether a soldier, sailor or marine during the Civil war (United States or Confederate) or widow of such person.
3. Relationship to head of family.
4. Whether white or black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese or Indian.
5. Sex.
6. Age at nearest birthday. If under one year, give age in months.
7. Whether single, married, widowed or divorced.
8. Whether married during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890.)
9. Mother of how many children, and number of these children living.
10. Place of birth.
11. Place of birth of father.
12. Place of birth of mother.
13. Number of years in the United States.
14. Whether naturalized.
15. Whether naturalization papers have been taken out.
16. Profession, trade or occupation.
17. Months unemployed during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
18. Attendance at school (in months) during the census year (June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890).
19. Able to read.
20. Able to write.
21. Able to speak English. If not, the language or dialect spoken.
22. Whether suffering from acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted.
23. Whether defective in mind, sight, hearing or speech, or whether crippled, maimed or deformed, with name of defect.
24. Whether a prisoner, convict, homeless child, or pauper.
25 and 26. Is the home you live in hired, or is it owned by the head or by a member of the family?
27. If owned by head or member of family, is the home free from mortgage incumbrance?
28. If the head of the family is a farmer, is the farm which he cultivates hired, or is it owned by him or by a member of his family?
29. If owned by head or member of family, is the farm free from mortgage encumbrance?
30. If the home or farm is owned by head or member of family, and mortgaged, give the post-office address of owner.

It is desirable that every one should be acquainted with the scope of the inquiry, and that correct information shall be furnished. Some of the questions are searching, and people may be reluctant to reply; but it should be remembered that the information is private, and will be held as such by the census officials.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

France has had another ministerial "crisis," and the Tirard cabinet has resigned, after an existence of thirteen months. French cabinets are short-lived. In the nineteen years which have elapsed since the fall of the empire, there have been twenty-five different cabinets, none lasting over two years, and a number having a brief span of only a few months. While the resignation of M. TIRARD and his colleagues was caused by the failure of a majority of the Chamber of Deputies to sustain it on a foreign question, there was, back of this, the unsatisfactory condition of the national finances.

M. TIRARD'S policy has been stigmatized as weak by the French people; but it is a fact that its conservative, negative character has been a good thing for the country. There was no opportunity for TIRARD to formulate some new, fundamental movement of administrative policy, and every friend of France must admit that it was inexpedient to adopt any foreign policy that might tend to disturb the peace of Europe. This inactivity did not suit the French element which is will for a pretext to try conclusions on the battle-field once more with Germany, to wipe out the disgrace of Sedan and the surrender of Paris, and restore Alsace-Lorraine to the republic.

The Tirard ministry has accomplished one excellent thing—the final elimination of that spectacular humbug, BOULANGER, from the field of French politics. M. DE FREYCINET, TIRARD'S successor, will do well if he accomplishes one thing as really useful. This is the fourth time DE FREYCINET has taken this position. On the three former occasions, his cabinet lasted but a few months, and there is no prospect that this will prove an exception. Before the year is out he will probably have to retire. The only real effect, however, these unsatisfactory administrations have on French politics is to strengthen the demand for a revision of the constitution.

RHODE ISLAND will have four state tickets in the field at the coming election—Republican, Democratic, third party and "Law Enforcement." Hence the outlook is for a complicated time, and no majority for any set of candidates for state offices. This will leave those offices to be filled by the legislature, and the chances are excellent for the Republicans to have a

ATTENTION, COMRADES!

If We are to Have a Service Pension Law, Lend a Hand!

The drift of matters at Washington convinces us that the only hope of getting a service pension bill, even *considered* at this session of Congress lies in *compelling* the members to take it up. A representative of THE BLADE has been at Washington for over a week, making a careful study of the situation; and his report to us is decidedly unfavorable for any action on service pensions at this session.

Hence we are compelled to appeal to THE BLADE'S constituency to aid us in WAKING THEM UP! Will you do it, comrades?

In the Weekly BLADE of *next week*—dated April 3—we shall devote our Pension article to "An Open Letter to Members of the Fifty-First Congress." It will be a plea for service pensions. We shall recapitulate the views of the hundreds who have written letters to THE BLADE *demanding* a service pension law; we shall make a brief summary of the argument in its favor—without specifying any particular bill, either the Grand Army bill, or the Ingalls-Cheadle bill (which is printed in the Washington news on the 8th page of this issue), or any other; for the THE BLADE has no end to serve except that justice shall be done the veterans, and cares not whose bill it is, so that justice is done. That is, we shall urge that Congress should and *must* pass *some* measure granting a reasonable and proper pension to every honorably discharged soldier or sailor of the war of the rebellion. A copy of that issue of THE BLADE will be sent, *marked*, to every Representative and Senator in Congress.

Now, comrades, here is where you can help in the good work. As soon as you read this, take a postal card, and write as follows:

——, ——, March ——, 1890.

Hon. ——— ———:

Please read the "Open Letter to Members of the 51st Congress," on page 5 of the Toledo Weekly Blade of April 3, which will reach you on that date. The views there are endorsed by me; and I, as a voter and one of your constituents, ask your influence in obtaining the passage of a service pension law at the present session of Congress. Respectfully,

———

Fill up the date line with the postoffice and state; fill the blank on the next line with the name of the Representative in Congress from your district; sign it, and address the card to him as follows:

Hon. ——— ———,
House of Representatives,
Washington,
D. C.

Also write another card, and address it to one of the United States Senators from your state. Get every voter who is favorable to a service pension law, to do the same thing. We want 100,000 cards showered upon Congress before April 3, so that the "Open Letter" may receive attention, and every Congressman, whether he be Senator or Representative, be roused to a realization of the need of prompt action.

We know of nothing that will so speedily bring the service pension matter to the attention of members of Congress. Let *every* comrade write his two cards—one to his Representative, the other to one of the Senators from his state; for unless the appeal be by the thousand, they will not give it attention. Do it *at once!* Mail the cards the same day you get this paper!

THE PENSION QUESTION.

FOURTH PAPER.

The Two Arguments Against Service Pension Fully Answered.

The main objections to the enactment of a service pension law, by its opponents in Congress, are two—first, the cost; second, that only 25 years have passed since the close of the civil war, while, in case of the veterans of the war of 1812, and of the Mexican war, service pension laws were not passed so early—the one for the former being enacted 56 years after the close of the war of 1812, and that for the latter 40 years after the end of hostilities in Mexico. Let us examine these points.

As to the first—the cost of service pensions—it must not be forgotten that, had it not been for the services of the boys in blue, the Union would not have been preserved. The Southern Confederacy would to-day exist as a foreign, independent nation, covering the southern half of the country. The United States would by no means be the great, the powerful, the wealthy country it is to-day. Instead of showing to the world the rapid advance in wealth and prosperity the reunited nation has done, with a financial standing never equalled by any other great nation of the world's history, we would be struggling with an enormous war debt, which would have been vastly greater than even the enormous total we carried in 1865—for the struggle would have gone on until the nation was prostrate. In point of fact, we should have been ruined as a people.

Costly as the war was, great as was the price paid for the preservation of the Union as one country under one flag, if we will look at the possibilities had that war been unsuccessful, we can but be convinced that the victory was worth all it has cost and will cost, many times over. The debt of honor and gratitude the nation owes its defenders has never been fully met. Their pay was a mere pittance; they could have done infinitely better in a financial way, had they stayed at home instead of risking life and health in battles and campaigns. They went out in the heyday of young manhood, and came back, after three years of toilsome and dangerous service, to find those who started even with them in the race well established and prosperous, whereas themselves had to begin anew, and make a fresh start in the avocations of ordinary life.

The years they spent in the army were a dead loss in a financial sense. The pay they received was simply subsistence, too often scanty and stinted, for those dear ones dependent on them. And this pay, owing to the financial demoralization incident to an entirely paper currency, and the consequent rise of gold to an unheard of premium, was cut down an average of over one-half in purchasing power.

Then, too, the hardships of the service made such drafts upon their physical systems that they all aged before their time. The average age of the veterans of the rebellion is now about fifty years; but in point of physical soundness, at least ten years have been added to each and every one by the hardships and exposure of army life, and the great strain which the nervous system endured. This tremendous draft on their vitality has made them prematurely old, taking an average of ten years from the life of each and every one who served through the war. Is it not simple justice that this should be met with a proper recompense? And the only way in which this can be done is by a service pension.

A few facts as to the relative cost of the men and the money—the two factors needed to carry on the war—will put the objection to service pensions on the score of cost, in its true light. For the first year after war expenses proper ceased (the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876), the United States paid for pensions $20,936,552 and for interest $143,781,562—a round total of $165,000,000; while for the year ending June 30, 1888, despite the much talked of "raids of the veterans on the treasury," the round total for the two was but $126,000,000.

In other words, the nation is now paying actually less for the so-called "permanent war expenses"—$39,005,000 less—than at the close of the war, though the national wealth has certainly doubled. And if the surviving veterans be still estimated at as many as 800,000, and every one should receive $8 per month, added to widows' and orphans' pensions, still the aggregate for pensions and interest would be but a brief trifle, if any, greater than at the close of the war—and that could continue but a short time.

Nor will the cost of a service pension embarrass the government finances. With the present revenues maintained as they are, these claims can be met and paid without financial distress or disturbance. The sum of money necessary, combined with existing pensions, paid out quarterly to comrades, will immediately enter into circulation, and will go far toward reviving trade, to the advantage of the manufacturer, merchant, mechanic, laborer and farmer. The service pension claim is reasonable and just, and will add no burdens in the way of additional financial debts to the people. Not a dollar of it will be a loss to the masses, nor leave the country, but, on the contrary, very largely assist in creating additional wealth and increasing the national revenues necessary to pay the increased pension list.

Now as to that other objection—that service pensions for the veterans of other wars have not been granted so early after the close of hostilities. To answer this fully, it is only necessary to say that no previous war ever was so hard upon soldiers, ever made such severe drafts upon their endurance and physical force. One year of the rebellion was harder upon the men engaged than the entire war of 1812, or the entire Mexican war. This is a fact which, so far as we have observed, has never been brought forward; but it needs only to be mentioned that its truth may be recognized.

The cry for delay is merely the brutal argument that if we wait for ten years, thousands of the veterans will be dead, and that a service pension will not then cost near so much. To put it off ten years means that something like 300,000 men will die without having justice done them. Congress cannot longer ignore this matter; it dare not postpone it, in order to save pensions through the deaths of needy veterans. Since the war closed, our nation has enormously increased in population and in wealth. If, from 1861 to 1865, one-half the present population could provide ways and means meet the great expenses of the war, surely it is not impossible now to pay the "honest debt" due the soldiers who saved the Union.

Next week we shall devote this space to an "Open Letter to the Members of the 51st Congress," in which we shall briefly synopsize the whole argument for service pensions. Write your postal cards to your Senator and Representative *at once!*

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-Important Matter.

THE letters from soldiers on the pension question are as the sands of the sea in numbers. To publish all is impossible. Hence we make a selection, cut them down all we can, even to a couple of lines, and publish as many as we can find room for. All those given below were received before February 18—hence you can see how far we are behind. *Make your letters short;* write only on one side of the paper; address your letter simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and *not* to the Camp Fire; give your full name, with company and regiment; tell us what pension legislation you favor, and your reasons—and don't be offended if your letter is cut down, or not published at all.

Brief Opinions.

ROBERTSON, IOWA.—I am in favor of large pensions for poor soldiers everywhere.

FAIRFAX, VT.—What would tempt our present Congress to stand where we stood?—U.

LEE CENTER, ILL.—Give a pension to one and all according to service and disability.—B., Co. C, 1st Ill. Cav.

MYRA, KAN.—I think every honorably discharged soldier should have at least $10 to $12 per month.—B.

GOLDEN POND, KY.—I am in favor of giving pensions to all honorably discharged soldiers over 60 years old.—P.

SOUTHWELL, KAN.—I think the old soldiers have waited long enough. Each and every one ought to get a pension.—B.

PRAIRIEVILLE, MICH.—I am in favor of a pension to every soldier, whether he went as a volunteer or a drafted man.—W., Co. C, 188th N. Y.

HOWBERT, COLO.—I am in favor of this government giving all the honorably discharged soldiers a pension. It may want an army of the young men, some day.—C.

HARTFORD, VT.—It is up-hill work to earn a living for self and family, with health broken down in the army, and nothing but my hands to do it.—A., Co. E, 13th N. H.

SLATE LICK, PA.—Comrades, do all you can to push the service bill, but do nothing to hinder the rights of an invalid comrade, who did not feel his disability enough to justify his applying before July 1, 1889.—D., Co. K, 78th Pa.

BUTLER, IND.—I am satisfied that if we will agree on some legislation that we want, it will become a law in Congress. We will get a better drop all other bills and be a unit on the per diem bill and win, as it is the most just?—D. D. D.

BLAINE, P. A.—Our G. A. R. Post, No. 543, of Pennsylvania, passed resolutions favoring the $8 per month bill. Soldier who served 90 days, and one cent per day to all who served over the 900 days. This would avoid so much false swearing as is done.—K.

IATAN, MO.—I believe to do justice to the old soldier he should have a service pension, not a dependent pension, and I would add the equalization of the bounty, for I tell you we were not thinking of bounty or pensions but the preservation of our union.—V., 18th Mo.

ROSENHAYN, N. J.—If there were a general law passed that would take in all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors as proof of service and duty in camp, field and on sea, without an oath or affidavit—then I believe this nation would be the gainer in both morals and finances.—P.

TAYLORSVILLE, ILL.—I think Congress should repeal the limitation on arrears of pensions, and give a pension to all soldiers at 1 cent per day. This would reward all according to time of service, and it should begin at the age of 50; then equalize the pay in gold.—A., Co. B, 41st Ill.

BURLINGTON, VT.—What I ask is, that a discharge be admitted as sufficient proof for full pension, as it is to get full discharge. When I was able to do military duty I was able to do manual labor. When the military authorities said I was unfit to do one, they virtually said I was not able to perform the other.—B., 2d Vt.

SHELL CITY, MO.—I think that the time is a hand when all old soldiers should receive pay for their service rendered the nation. I think Congress should pass a pension bill granting all honorably discharged soldiers a pension of not less than $8 per month.—P., Co. B., 10th Reb.

ARCOLA, MO.—The Republicans in Congress appeared to be wonderfully interested in the soldiers' interest, especially during the campaign of '88. Now they have everything their own way, let them show their hand or we will show ours this fall and also in 1892. There is no rot in this. I served Uncle Sam over three years; have always voted the Republican ticket, but when a party gets so indopen dent as to forget its supporters, I think it is high time for it to step down and out, and give place to those that will.—L., Co. G, 8th Mo. S. M.

KEY, ARK.—John C. Black once said that the repeal of the arrearage act would cost the government $300,000,000, and the people would not stand it; well, so be it. Let me make a suggestion. Repeal the arrearage act, and then equalize pensions from the time of discharge. —C.

CUBA, KAN.—By reading the correspondence upon the pension question in THE BLADE we see the confirmation of the adage, "many men of many minds." Probably selfishness has something to do in the matter, but all agree on the one point, a pension.—B., Co. C, 65th Ohio.

QUINCY, ILL.—I served my county three years and am the loser in a money point of view, for all the time I was in the army I could have been making good wages at home. I never asked for a pension, but I think every honorably discharged soldier should have one. D., Co. B, 91st Ohio.

DANA, IND.—In the G. A. R. post here we have a membership of 28, and so far as I have talked to them, they all indorse the service pension bill as it is now is. THE BLADE is taking a noble stand for the boys that wore the blue, and it deserves the support of every soldier and patriotic citizen in our country.—S.

JEFFERSON, MICH.—

"I allus liked the good old BLADE,
I s'pose I allus will."

But was more pleased than ever when you announced that you were going to take up the pension question and do battle for those that fought for the Union. If it was right to give the soldiers of the aggressive war with Mexico, rebels included, a pension, how much more so to those of the marines that saved the old flag and the Union when rebels sought to destroy it.—C., Co. K, 4th Mich.

Simplify the Method.

GREENFIELD, TENN.—Why should I, or any soldier, be compelled to have a hospital record, or give two or three of his old comrades or officers as witnesses of his claims before being heard at all, and then be ordered to report to a board of physicians 50 or 100 miles away—and he without 50 cents in his pocket and but little to eat? It appears to me that the evidence of two good reliable neighbors, or that of a regular practicing physician, ought to be all that would be required; the records at Washington will show that he was a soldier and where he belonged.—S., Co. D, 48th Ill.

Get Together!

WAKEMAN, O.—It seems to me that unanimity must more prevail among the boys in regard to pension matters. My idea is for the per diem bill, because of its being the least onerous for the government to pay, and because every fair-minded man ought to see that it is the most just, (cheapness being considered as essential), as it certainly could not be right to give a 100 days' man as much as one who served three, four or five years. Allowing 600,000 men as the number who could claim a right to the service pension, if I figure right, it would cost $6,570,000 per year, on the basis of an average of 2½ years' length of service, which, added to the disability pensions, would not cramp the government to pay.—F., 3d Ohio Cav.

The Matter Discussed.

MONUMENT, COLO.—If Congress thinks the country too poor to pass a general service pension bill at present, they should pass a *service* bill that would amply pay every soldier holding an honorable discharge on arriving at a certain age, say 50 years, and those that have passed that age, should receive a pension from that date. I take notice that a man who enlisted and was unfortunate enough to have a good hospital record, has no difficulty in obtaining a pension. This is right—while another enlists and puts in three years or over, solid service, never missing a roll-call or his ration of hardtack (when he could get it), performing every duty required of him during the time. Although he may now be broken down by old age and unable to earn a living for himself and family. No difference how nearly he may be, under existing laws, he has no claims for assistance on the government he served so faithfully. This is all wrong—the service of one man is just as good as that of another as far as it goes. Their services of the same class should be recognized and rewarded.—H., Co. D., 9th Kan. Cav.

A South Dakota View.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Exclude from consideration the honorably maimed and otherwise disabled who were promptly pensioned soon after the war, and contrast the claims of the present non-pensioners with those pensioned since the arrearages act offered a bribe so big as to attempt the unscrupulous to secure it at all hazards.

As I view it, the surplus in the treasury belongs no more to the ex-soldier than to any other citizen; and all this pension money comes from and belongs to the people; and it might as well come from the state, county or town, as from the United States taxes.

Now, suppose it raised by a township tax, to be paid to such ex-soldiers as could convince their fellow-townsmen of their war disabilities. How many of the present pensioners, think you, could have imposed on their neighbors' credulity as they have on Uncle Sam's? Well, I smile as I think how small a part. Their neighbors don't take stock enough in their disabilities to tax themselves to ease them; but when the money comes from far-off Washington to be spent in the neighborhood, it seems to mould into getting something for nothing to cry out against and repudiate, and no one wishes to incur enmity and revenge by exposing what he knows to be false. A soldier's merit may be conceded by one who denies his disability.

Every honorable comrade can testify that from his command every coward and dead-beat, on some pretence or other, speedily found his way to the hospital and to a record therein; and that when compelled to return to his command, the shirked and refused, and growled and grumbled, and made more trouble than all the comrades without a hospital record, and was often discharged to be rid of him.

After discharge, then what? Why, every one who dead-beat Uncle Sam while in his service, continued to dead-beat him after leaving his service. The same disregard of oath and obligation that shirked duty in the field, shielded his attack on the national bounty, so that it is safe to say that 90 per cent of all the dead-beats in the army are pensioners, swearing each other into increase after increase to the highest rating.

For a quarter of a century the brave, steady men who tramped by the flag through thick and thin, through fire and blood, have been sorely galled by seeing those who did the government but little good revelling in gilt-edged pensions; until at last such, weary and heavy laden, many a worthier fighter has fain gone and imitated their tactics to ease his burdens.

Another phase is, that fathers and mothers, by thousands, are pensioned as dependent on some son who died in the service, but who, while alive, contributed nothing toward their sustenance, and who, had he lived, would naturally have married and have had a family of his own to consume his earnings, so that the parents would have had to provide for themselves; as witness the fact, that most of these parents have other living sons or sons-in-law on whom they do not swear their dependence, but only on the one that died. More than probably is, that the fighting ex-soldier, fast becoming dependent, cannot secure a pension to aid himself; but who, had he died, could have secured one for another who never did a hand's turn for the government.

The present question seem to be, shall the brave fellows who stood in the field till the rebellion was suppressed be put on the pension par with those who went to the hospital? Which record put down the rebellion, the field or the hospital record, and how much of the hospital record had nothing to do with putting down the rebellion? Too much of it.

The problem is to attract popular attention to the transcendent services of our unpensioned heroes, who secured to their 65 millions of fellow-citizens the inestimable privilege of living in their free and undivided country, undisturbed in life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Our present happy national conditions are too much considered—as a matter of course, had to be so—and the 65,000,000 ought to consider, Where would we have been had all the soldiers gone to the hospital or shirked or deserted?

Will these 65,000,000 respond to the sentiment of gratitude and be generous to their benefactors ere it be too late, or will they ignore it and them, and let needy old vets cheat for equity or hunger for bread?

As to the kind of pensions, I favor a service rate to reward sound soldiers for their ability and relative services, as others have been for their disability, but not to combine it with an invalid rate, and thereby provoke another dead-beat raid on the treasury; also limit it to the needy, who are numerous enough speedily to reduce the surplus.

In conclusion, I am not a pensioner, nor an applicant, nor wisher for one; but I write in the interest of the thousands of needy old comrades, who, honorable at home as they were in the field, cannot demean themselves to swear to a pension under any existing law.—L., Co. A, 36th Wis.

Now Is the Time to Work.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—This is a Republican administration, and an old soldier in the White House at the helm of state. If we don't get justice done now we never shall. We should unite as soon as possible upon the most needed, equitable and just pension bill. In the first place, the equalization of bounties. We are not those who enlisted in 1861-'62 for three years as patriotic and as deserving as those that enlisted later—towards the close of the war? It will take but a small amount, comparatively, to settle this. The next thing to be done is to pass a service pension bill (this in addition to any invalid pension), either a per diem or say $10 per month for three-year men. This will include every honorably discharged soldier. This would, at first thought, seem too expensive, but if space would permit it could be proved that it would not cost so much as some have talked, and would be the very cheapest thing to do in the end. To say that the government cannot afford to do its self-imposed duty, she can't afford not to do it. Besides, there is a higher stand to be taken than just the mere matter of dollars and cents. Justice, honor and principle are involved, and demand that government do right.—J. S. B., Co. H, 18th Mass.

A Widow Speaks.

——, Kan.—I thought a word from a soldier's widow might not be out of place. I think we have been very modest, have taken what the government allowed us and said nothing about it, but when I think over what we came through when our husbands were in the army, and then when they gave their lives to save our country, I don't think we have been compensated. There were none suffered more hardships and privations than the private soldiers and their families at home. Many a man went out that did not have a month's supply for his family, and it was often months before they got any pay. What did their families do? They had to depend on the charity of their friends and neighbors, and sometimes the county helped them some, but it was often pretty slim help. "The stay-at-home men" said, "Go and we will see to your families," but sometimes they forgot their promise. But we struggled through and raised our families with the help of our pensions of $8 a month, though we have it better now with our families raised and $12 a month, but we are getting old and are broken down, and I think every soldier's widow, over 60 years, should have sufficient pension to keep her while she lives. We have no vote like the "Veterans" to influence legislation, but I hope somebody will be kind enough to bring it before Congress.—A SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

A Wife and Mother Speaks.

LINCOLN CENTER, KAN.—Money won't give us back our dead nor give sound bodies to those who returned to us, and are dragging out miserable lives of sickness and pain, and more than a score, my memory now brings to my mind, who daily feel the need of proper food and clothing. Good, loyal, honorably discharged soldiers that for 25 years have not seen one well day, and yet because they, by their grit and resolution, never laid in hospitals in four years' service these men are denied a pension, as is claimed, for want of proof, when abundance of proof has been sent of a sound, healthy manhood when in '61 they went into service, and any man or woman who sees them in the years since they came home could testify the health and strength was gone, lost in the exposures and hardships of three and four years' service.—MRS. E. M. D.

Greenbacks or Gold.

DARTOWN, O.—If Congress should attempt to pay the soldiers of the late war the back pay which many claim is due them on a gold basis, the precedent thus established would have no end. Many would call for the interest on the money left unpaid. Others would demand compound interest on the same. (Uncle Sam's notes are worth one dollar now, and were in war times.) The contractor who furnished goods, edibles, munitions of war, etc.; railroad companies and steamboat companies would demand their pay from the government on the same terms. I am opposed to a per diem pension. Some men did as much for the country in one year as many did in three years. I should favor a bill to be passed by Congress which would give the private soldier who lost a limb in the service the same amount per month that is given to any officer, no matter what his rank, and I favor a bill which would compel widows of generals to make their applications for pensions in the same way that the widows of private soldiers do, and further cut down the pensions of all widows, officers and privates to the same pension per month. A private soldier's widow is just as good as the widow of an officer. I believe it to be wrong to give one man's widow a greater pension than another. If $12 per month is enough for the private soldier's widow, and keeps the wolf from the door, it will do the same for the widow of an officer.—C. W. T., Co. F, 192d Ohio.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLIX.

WE'VE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots I ween,
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We've drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS:—The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen;
There's never a bond, old friend like this—
We've drank from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack, fine as silk,
But whatever the tipple has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warn you, dear friend, when I think of this—
We've drank from the same canteen.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green,
But I guess in their golden quotations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We've drank from the same canteen.

We have shared our blankets and tent together,
Marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we've been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We've drank from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
On which my faint spirit might lean;
Ah! then I remember you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen.

GOOD MANNERS.

Several Things That a Lady Should Never Do.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember:

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather, and herself. She believes in the Golden Rule, and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.—[Ladies Home Journal.

WATCHING A COURTSHIP.

A Young Suitor's Progress Measured by the Lateness of His Calls.

I am measuring young Truelove's progress in courting Miss Affection. I have no special acquaintance with him, but I frequently pass the young lady's home at night. From the lights in the parlor he has been calling two months, and during that time has made progress.

At first I used to meet him coming out of the gate as the bell struck 10. Shortly after, however, he experienced the pleasure of counting the bells in the parlor. By the by, did you ever notice, while chatting in your fascinating way, how loud those bells struck—sounded like the roar of battle.

The lights soon began to burn oftener in the parlor. For two weeks the parlor was dark, and I knew that they had quarreled. How sad! For two whole weeks they never saw each other, and just because Truelove came two minutes late one night! But lovers' quarrels are love's renewal, and they were soon burning the gas and coal again.

He's there most every night now, and the other night the lights were actually burning at 11 o'clock. But, young man, you have reached the limit now; don't stay later than 11 o'clock. It's dangerous, so her father says. If you are determined to stay later than 11, pick out a girl who has a small and delicate father.—[Louisville Post.

Talmage as a Book Ravager.

The Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage professes to be a lover of books, and yet he does a thing that no real book-lover could do. If in the middle of writing a sermon, he needs a quotation he seezes the volume that contains it or tears out the desired page with ruthless hand. Then, taking his shears he cuts out the peculiar passage he needs and, pasting it on his manuscript page, tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated. "But what do you do when you wish to refer to such a passage again?" a reporter asked him. "I never want to refer to it again," he answered sententiously. When I have used it once, I am done with it for good."

From the Advance Sheets of "Damon and Pythias."

"I've seen plenty of cow-boys in my life," said the major, rising from his chair and lighting a fresh cigar; "but there is one thing I never saw and never expect to see."

"What is that, major?" asked the colonel, filling his glass and twirling his moustache gracefully.

"A boy-cow," replied the major.

This was the beginning of the end. A year later these two men met in the twilight of a summer evening. No look of recognition, no glad words of welcome passed between them. They were as strangers.—[Puck.

The Way the Cat is Jumping.

Mrs. Longhed Bakstreet.—Didn't your brother Henry's second wife have a cousin whose sister-in-law lives in Chicago?

Mr. Longhed Bakstreet.—I think so. Why?

Mrs. Longhed Bakstreet.—Well, it strikes me 'twould be a good plan to find out where she lives, and invite her to spend a week with us. Then, after the Fair opens, we can take all the children and go to Chicago for a good long visit. See?—[Puck.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required. We start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving your work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $200 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & Co., Box 446, Portland, Maine.

Plays 300 Tunes

Hymns, Songs, & Dance Music. No paper used, but metallic rollers, making delightful music. Plays a tune as long as desired. Reeds organ size. Beautifully finished, in Rosewood, Mahogany, or Imitation gilt and silver keys.

New Musical Wonder. Copyrighted, 1888. Any one can play it.

If you want the Best send direct to the Makers. We will please you. Just what you want to make home happy. Send $6.00 with this notice and we will send Organ at once, all complete. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Address DEPT. 9, BATES ORGAN CO., 74 Summer Street, BOSTON, Mass.

"A sample organ FREE. If you want one, cut this notice out and send to us at once.

OUR NEW 1890 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS 200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old, Established and Reliable Publishing House, Introducing Their Leading Publication.

The Ladies' World for Three Months, and to each subscriber we will also send Free and post-paid, a large and superb Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, two hundred varieties, including Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Asters, Pinks, Drummondii, Balsam, Cypress Vine, Nasturtium, Double Zinnias, etc., etc. Remember, twelve cents pays for the paper three months and this entire magnificent collection of Choice Flower Seeds, post-paid. Over a Million Seed Houses sell warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and paper if you are not entirely satisfied. Ours is an old established and reliable publishing house, endorsed by all leading newspapers. Do not confound this offer with the catchpenny schemes of unscrupulous persons. Write to-day—don't put it off! Six subscriptions and six Seed Collections sent for 60 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady answering this advertisement, and naming the paper in which she saw it, we will send, free, in addition to all the above, one package of the celebrated Ornamental Chilian Foliage Head Seeds, one of the most beautiful foliage plants known, the leaves sometimes growing a foot long by 1 foot wide, in variegated colors. It is perfectly hardy, continuing an object of beauty long after Dahlias and Cannas have succumbed to frost. Address S. H. MOORE & CO., 97 Park Place, New York.

LAY OF THE COWBOY.

Oh, I am the cowboy of legend and story,
Whom the back Eastern youngsters so highly admire;
The daughter of pilgrims is ever my glory,
And few have escaped when they drew out my fire.

On the deck of my broncho I skim o'er the prairie,
A terror to all who my daring behold;
I defy any civilized constabulary,
And all vigilantes the country can hold.

As free as the proud, soaring bird of the ocean
I speed on my way over valley and plain,
And no man dare make the least treacherous motion,
That he lives for a minute to do it again.

The joys of existence I don't claim forever;
Some day I must mizzle like other galoots;
But the Old Boy must be most devilish clever
If he gets me laid out while I stand in my boots.

When I'm roped at the round-up of judgment eternal,
And corralled in a furnace forever to dwell,
I'll be able to teach them some capers infernal;
I won't be a tenderfoot even in h——l.
—[Washington Post.

The Best He Could Do.

MRS. BROWN—"What made you chalk your name on my new table?"

Little Johnny—"'Cause I'd lost my jackknife."—[The Epoch.

She Did Him An Injustice.

He—"Will you marry me?"

She—"Can you support me?"

He (reproachfully)—"Haven't I supported you every Sunday evening for two years?"—[The Epoch.

Asked Too Much.

JIGGS—"I'm going to marry the great variety star. Wish me luck, old boy."

JAGGS—"Can't. I was her first husband."—[The Epoch.

Publishers' Column.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

The Blade tea set, of which an advertisement will be found elsewhere, is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is of the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere. There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a tea-pot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The Toilet Set.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. This set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking water, mug and vase. They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

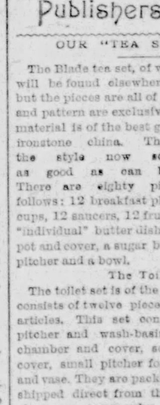
These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler.

For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

The Angelus. By Jean Francois Millet. Just ready. The first published. A photo etching of "The Agelus," the celebrated painting for which an American recently paid, duties and all, over $150,000. Printed on heavy plate paper; size 24x30.

Above pictures sent postpaid by mail for 25 cents each. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A. A. KELLOGG, Clinton, Mo., is the patentee of the Kellogg Gravity Gate—a Door Lock—with no springs whatever, to be getting out of order—and wants to find and correspond with a practical lock-maker, capable of putting its manufacture in operation and superintending it.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON.

Garden Spot of the World.

Send to Carlton Improvement Company, Carlton, Or., for circulars describing our fine Fruit, Wheat and other lands, and the rapidly growing town. Fine Lands. Low Prices. New and prosperous town. Fine Lands. Low Prices.

PENSIONS, Patents, procured by Thos. Mesherby, Washington, D.C., or Fremont, O. Success or no fee.

DIRIGO Sheet Music Binder. Protects edges perfectly. Entirely new. Ladies can do well. Sells at sight. Sample box (ensures for 40 pieces) mailed for 25 cts. Agents wanted. LOXTON, 2 West Fourteenth st., New York.

For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

WOULD YOU?

Would you like to be LOCAL AGENTS for ARTICLES that EVERYBODY WANTS? Write for particulars to A. CASSGREEN MFG. CO., 99 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Please state what periodical you saw our advertisement in.

$100 A WEEK.

Any Man or Woman, as Agents for our goods. We want one person in each county as manager of merit needed by and will sell to every household. FREE full particulars, etc., sent free by mail. Send 10 cents for sample and secure territory. Address

BOWERS & ERNST MFG. CO.,
12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

READ MICROSCOPE that magnifies 5,000 times. Very interesting. Price only $1. Two fine Albums, with hundreds of views of the Indian Exposition, and Photos from all over the world, only $1. Send postal note or stamps to JOSEPH FOZURERG, Box 224, Bancroft, Neb.

FREE TRIAL. Paris Enlarged, Abuse, Emissions, Varicocele, etc., cured (in age) by ANTON MED. CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR CLUB LIST

We have arranged to club the BLADE with either of the following publications for the prices as noted (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 25
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 25
Scientific American	3 00	3 60
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 35
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 35
Am. Rec Journal	1 50	1 90
Orange Judd Farmer	1 00	1 35
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 35
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	3 40	3 40
St. Nicholas	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 00
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 35
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 00
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 25
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00

The Household.

MISS EMILY B. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MR. BESSAMER'S TRIAL.

His Days Seem Full of Vexation—The Different Light in Which Certain Things Appear to Him.

[CONCLUDED.]

SOME friends came in to discuss a business project, and Mr. Bessamer proposed cigars, which proposition received prompt approval. Going to his cigar box he found it empty, and for a moment dismay seized him in its clutches, when he suddenly remembered the change that Jennie had fortunately told him to keep. He had intended to hand it back to her, just as an example, but "necessity knows no law," quoth he to himself, and a boy was dispatched with the shiver to a neighboring cigar store.

"I came near being caught in a tight place," he said to himself, after his friends had departed, "but of course that sort of thing would not happen to a woman. Its altogether different with a man. I must ask Jennie for some money to buy a box of cigars, though." And with the thought came a little touch of annoyance about what she might say, the subject of smoking as an extravagant habit having been discussed between them more than once.

They must be had, however, and he made the request just after supper as nonchalantly as possible. To his surprise and relief, she handed him the money without a word of demur.

"But you will have to bring me some more cash Harry, for I spent just about as much as that to-day in a stock of candy for the children and me. We are all so fond of it, and its cheaper by the large box you know."

What could he say? Like a wise man he held his peace, but there was a bewildered sense that something peculiar had happened, and something that was not quite pleasant. The bland and innocent expression upon his wife's face, however, precluded any accusation of intended rebuke, had he thought it proper to make one.

Time wore on. Mr. Bessamer kept religiously to his bargain, but it seemed to him that his trifling wants never had been so numerous before. Yesterday it was collars which he needed; to-day it was handkerchiefs; to-morrow he began to fear it would be something else. It seemed absurd to fear, for Mrs. Bessamer never questioned or denied him save once, when she remarked that he would have to wait, as she had use for what cash there was on hand. Yet there was growing a feeling of irritation at being obliged to apply to her, even though she were the wife of his bosom, his other self, as he often called her, for every cent which he desired to spend.

He found his generous impulses checked, too. A lady whom he particularly admired, but was slightly acquainted with, stopped him on the street one day and requested him to take two tickets for a concert, to be given for some charitable purpose in which she was particularly interested. Heavens! What would he not have given for his usual independence! There was an appalling emptiness in his pockets. It was true, he might take the tickets with a laughing deprecation of his momentary impecuniosity, and pay for them at another time, but he would have to explain the matter to his wife, and he was by no means sure that she would approve of the expenditure. A pleading look however, from the lady's expressive eyes, coupled with some allusion to his well-known liberality, subdued his man's heart, and swept away his momentary hesitation. Receiving the tickets, down went his name, and he started homeward, a little dread, only half defined to himself, mingling with his pleasure at doing a good thing.

He was conscious of the little pieces of cardboard in his pocket all through lunch, but said nothing about the matter until it was over, and then handed them to his wife with the remark that he would like money to pay for them—it was for a good purpose, and he could not very well refuse to take some, descanting somewhat at length upon one's responsibilities to society.

"Ah," replied Jennie, not entering into his idea of responsibility with the least enthusiasm; "you should have some of my firmness. I was importuned to buy some of those same tickets, but I refused because I thought we could not afford it. There is something of this kind coming along the whole time, and we might just as well learn to say no, first as last."

There was nothing in Mrs. Bessamer's manner to remind him of it, but Mr. Bessamer's face reddened, for he recognized a homily of his own which he had not infrequently read to his wife under similar circumstances. She handed him the money, however, but all the pleasure of having done a good deed was gone, and even the memory of Mrs. H.'s pretty eyes was considerably dimmed.

Another day, as he was strolling homeward, he chanced to see a pretty piece of bric-a-brac which he knew his wife had coveted for a long time. The day had been a very successful one, some ventures he had made having proved lucky, and he felt in a good-natured frame of mind toward the world generally, and Jennie in particular.

"she shall have that jimcrack"—Mr. Bessamer was in the habit of so naming things which he did not particularly admire or see the use of—he said to himself. "How delighted she will be, if I take it home to her," and he turned to enter the store, when it suddenly occurred to him that he would have to ask her for the money to pay for it, and it would not seem like a present at all. Instantly his pleasant feelings went down to zero, and he turned to walk on, leaving the pretty ornament still reposing in the merchant's possession.

These were only a few of the many ways in which he found himself hampered. At first such things were simply amusing, but as the days wore on, they grew vexating and embarrassing, and as the week for which the compact was made drew to a close, the situation became almost unbearable. He began to understand the feeling of humiliation that came with being compelled to ask another for every cent of spending money which he desired, even though that money were his own. He was no longer the king who could, at his fancy, shower gifts upon his wife and children, with no one to say him nay. He found, too, that his own wants were far more numerous than he had believed them to be, and he had not been so self-denying as he imagined. These things crept slowly into his brain, and, unconsciously to himself, found a permanent lodgment there.

"If I ever live to get through with this," he muttered, after some exasperating experience, "Jennie may have an allowance, and welcome. I never imagined what it meant for a grown man or woman to be obliged to go to some one, and have the money dealt out for every individual expenditure, even if there some one is your own husband or wife."

He said this to Jennie afterwards, when the probation time was over, and they were talking up matters. "I suppose," he added, "that women don't generally feel it so much, because they have always been used to that sort of thing, but when they do it must be awfully humiliating."

"And so it is," replied Jennie, "and a good many more women's souls are rasped in that way than you imagine. They simply cannot remedy the matter and so let it alone. All men are not pleasant about money affairs either, any more than all women are wise in their spending. But you will usually find that the women who are extravagant are those who do not know how much they may spend, and have no means of judging of the thickness of their husband's pocket-books. An allowance that should be in proportion to the husband's means sets all that at rest.

"It *does* seem like a reflection upon one's liberality and willingness to do all that is possible for one's family, though," said Mr. Bessamer thoughtfully.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Bessamer. "The allowance is simply a just and equitable way of dividing our income. Generosity does not come into the matter. There is room for that outside of the business part of the affair. With an allowance a woman knows just what she may spend, and how; just when she can or cannot give, and what; and leaves her with a self-respecting independence that every human being should possess, but which no woman can have, who must ask like a child for every cent she spends. Men are subject to moods sometimes, as well as women, and do not always refuse in an agreeable manner. "Not that you are ever unpleasant, Harry," she added sweetly, "but you will find that under the new order we shall be happier."

And there was henceforth a lasting peace in the Bessamer family.

Emily S. Bouton.

DECORATED ROSE BOWL.

REPAIRING the directions in last week's HOUSEHOLD for Enamelled Glass Painting, brought to mind a novelty in a hanging rose bowl which was of home manufacture.

The effect of the decorations was similar to the aforementioned painting, but the *modus operandi* was much simpler. It would be well to bear in mind, however, that as the firing process is altogether dispensed with, the finished articles will not bear the same amount of washing, and although an occasional bath in luke-warm water will not injure the colors, it will be advisable to select ornamental objects rather than table-ware for this style of decoration.

And the foundation for this lovely rose-bowl? It was nothing more nor less than an ordinary gold-fish globe, suspended, after the usual manner, by chains; or the chain may be omitted and the bowl placed upon a table.

Large crowfoot violets, with their spidery leaves, were the flowers chosen for the decoration of the bowl in question; but a design of sea-weed, ferns or feathery grasses, would be equally suitable. The pattern, which we may be, should be drawn upon paper and gummed inside the bowl. Oil colors are used, with megilp as a medium, and the pattern is so arranged as to extend about half way to the top of the bowl. The colors for the violets are cobalt and rose madder, mixed with white. A little more rose color should be used in the tinting than if the common violet were to be represented.

The center spot in each flower is orange, which may be made by using chrome-yellow and a little rose-madder, with a touch of Naples yellow for the high light. A small oval of pure white should be painted in the lower petal of each flower, taking care to blend the edges carefully into the surrounding violet. The green leaves are painted with a mixture of Antwerp blue and chrome-yellow, with a little light red. Add a little Naples yellow for the lights, and for the shadows substitute burnt sienna for the red, adding a little more blue. The decoration on that part of the globe uncovered by the flowers is made by loading a small brush with white paint and making small seed-like shapes on the glass. These little lumps, after hardening, should be gilded, as should the edge of the bowl. Any defect in the shape of the seeds must be remedied while they are still moist, and should any paint be smeared upon the glass between, it should be removed with a pointed stick covered by a rag moistened with oil.

In selecting a design for this work choose one which will not draw toward the top of the bowl, using the bottom as a center from which to start the sprays. A bowl thus decorated with sea-weed, omitting the seeded spots, would make a lovely and appropriate home for gold-fish.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PAPER BALLS.—There are several ways of making these tissue paper balls, which are quite ornamental when hung under a chandelier, or used for decorating trees or booths at Christmas time. One way is to cut fifty eight-inch squares of tissue paper; fold each square in half and then across, and cut the largest possible circle from it. Then fold again and again until very small, creasing well each time. Open the circle, and catch by the center in the right hand; draw through the other hand until finely crimped. Proceed in this way until all the circles are crimped. Thread a needle with strong thread and string the circles as you would beads, being careful to put the needle exactly through the center of each one.

When all are strung, draw up the thread as tightly as possible, fasten, and before breaking off sew on a loop of narrow ribbon, by which the ball is to be suspended. A small bow on the loop gives it a pretty finish. Another way is, after the circle has been folded until about three-quarters of an inch wide at the outer edge, to cut it, so that when opened out it presents a succession of round heads, each one of which must be shaped by pressing over a round-headed hat pin.

PATTERN FOR CUTTING FOLDED CIRCLE

These balls may be made of different sizes, and are very pretty when several different shades of the same color are used for one ball.

The darkest shade may be used for the center, with the lighter shades on either side, or this arrangement may be reversed.

COVER FOR BIBLE.—I want to tell the lady that signed her name "A Widow" how to make a nice cover for her Bible. As I do not know the size of the book, she will have to find the required amount. First, take a new piece of cotton flannel, and cover the book just as you would with paper. This is to get the cover to fit neatly. Then remove, and baste silk scraps on one half of cloth, crazy fashion, and work with floss. On the other half sew plush or silk. Then take a stripe of plush or silk, the width of back, and blind stitch to the plush side; then on crazy side. Put it on the book, and paste some clean white muslin, or paper over the cloth on side of cover. The fly-leaf is lovely. I will send patterns of fancy work for table scarf, chair cushion, etc., if the editor wishes.—LAURA SNYDER.

Good patterns are always acceptable.—ED.

SEVERAL THINGS.—A nice way to refinish old books that have been discarded on account of their plain bindings and give them a place again in the library is the following: Cover the books neatly with some plain colored material, satteen answering the place of more expensive goods, and then decorate the outside with fancy pictures or needlework, which, if done with care, will make them attractive, and compare very favorably with those of showy bindings.

To make a pretty shaving case procure an old book back, decorate as above, fill the inside with leaves made of straw paper or newspapers, fasten a loop to the top and hang it beside the shaving glass, and when the leaves are all torn out fill it again. Too much trouble, perhaps, you will say, but who would not do so rather than fly to the rescue of your latest papers, and especially THE BLADE?

If any of the sisters would wish anything pretty in the line of shell lambrequins, make one the desired length and breadth of felt or ladies' cloth; cut one edge in large scollops, again making small scollops on the large ones—done with any iron for that purpose—after which embroider with saxony yarn, a flower in each scollop, making them of different kinds; this is not expensive and will suit the most fastidious taste.

I wish the gentlemen of the HOUSEHOLD would be more talkative, if only to rise "equal to the occasion," and defend themselves in the condemnation for habits which our sex ridicule more often than we seek a wise way to check. Come, gentlemen, let us hear your views on most any sensible topic, for no matter what your faults may be:

"Woman without her man would be a savage."

Now punctuate this toast in one way and you are indeed complimented. In another, and *we* have the compliment.—R. J. B., Fredericktown.

Mrs. W. C., Lebanon, Pa.: "Fancy Work and House Decoration" (No. 3) is entirely different from the other numbers, the patterns being all new, and of the latest style. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog. purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind: t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; t st, shell stitch; o s u st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

HANDSOME KNITTED EDGE.—Cast on 34 stitches, knit across plain once. 1st row—2 p—make 2—p 2 tog—3 pl—n—2 p—make 1—1 pl (make 1—n) twice—make 1—2 pl—n—4 pl—n—2 pl—make 1—1 pl—make 1—n—make 1—1 pl—make 2—p 2 tog. 2d and every even row purled. 3d row—2 pl—make 2—p 2 tog—2 pl—n—2 pl—make 1—3 pl (make 1—n) twice—make 1—2 pl—n—2 pl—n—2 pl—make 1—3 pl—make 1—n—make 1—1 pl—make 2—p 2 tog. 5th row—2 pl—make 2—p 2 tog—1 pl—n—2 pl—make 1—5 pl (make 1—n)—twice—make 1—2 pl—n—n—2 pl—make 1—5 pl—make 1—n—make 1—1 pl—make 2—p 2 tog. 7th row—2 p—make 2—p 2 tog—6 p—n—2 p—make 1—n—(make 1—n) twice—make 1—(2 pl—n) twice—1 pl—n—2 pl—make 1—n twice—make 2—p 2 tog. 9th row—2 pl—make 2—p 2 tog—5 pl—n—2 pl—(make 1—n) twice—make 1—3 pl—make 1—2 pl—n—2 pl—n—2 pl—(make 1—n) twice—make 2—p 2 tog. 11th row—2 pl—make 2—p 2 tog—4 pl—n—2 pl—(make 1—n) twice—make 1—5 pl—make 1—2 p—n—n—2 pl—(make 1—n) twice—make 2—p 2 tog. Pl means plain.

CROCHETED LACE.—Ch 15 sts—1st row—sh—(3 tr—2 ch—3 tr)—in 4th st from hook—4 ch—pass 4 st—1 sc in next st—3 ch—pass 2 st—s c in next st—4 ch—pass 4 st—sh in last st—3 ch—turn; 2nd row—sh in sh—4 ch—3 tr on 3 ch—6 ch—4—sh in sh—1 tr on last st—5 ch—turn; 3rd row—sh in sh—3 tr on 4 ch—3 tr on 3 tr—3 tr on 4 ch—sh in sh—1 tr in last st—ch 3—turn; 4th row—sh in sh—4 ch—pass over 3 tr—3 tr on 3 tr—4 ch—sh in sh—ch 1—12 tr in 5 ch—sc 1 in end of 1st row—ch 4—turn; 5th row—sh—miss 1st—ch 1 tr between 4 ch—sc repeat from * to * to end of 12 tr—ch 2—sh in sh—ch 4—sc 1 on 1st of 3 tr—3 ch—miss 1 st—1 sc on next—ch 4—1 tr in sh—1 tr in last st—ch 3—turn; repeat from 2nd row.

I hope you will have no trouble with rolls for I have tried to make it plain. I have a great many bread patterns if any one wishes them.—MRS SA, Chautauqua Co., Kansas.

Good patterns are always acceptable.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JEANIE'S OPINION.—I want to express a little sympathy for "Missouri Gal." I am inclined to think that brother of her's is a pretty good sort of a fellow if he does use tobacco "to a large extent." If he were not, there is not the slightest reason to suppose his own sister would so bravely try to stand between him and criticism. The fact that she does so will no doubt influence him to retrench somewhat without waiting for "some other fellow's sister" to try her hand at needed reformation. It is a bad thing to be a slave to tobacco, but since 999 men out of every 1,000 do use the weed, what are we going to do about it? And then to think that in so many other countries, as well as a part of our own, the women are quite as bad as the men! The evil seems widespread and deep rooted, and much on the increase. Now, I honestly believe a large part of this increase is partly due to the "hue and cry" made about it. It is human nature to want what is forbidden, and to cling the closer to anything when harsh and severe measures are used against it. A great deal of this talk against tobacco is like that against liquor—of such a nature one hearing it needs a stimulant at once to settle the stomach. And what a deal of nonsense you girlies do indulge in! I have nothing to say on the evils of drink—just now. But when a person chases all users of tobacco with gunbarrels I know there are large sized glass windows in that person's house. To eliminate those whose "brains are diseased from use of tobacco" would leave us minus many of the wisest and greatest in our land. True, not one of these would advise the taking up of the habit, but it is done all the same, and if it were the fashion, ninety-nine out of every hundred of you girls would use it. Of course you don't agree with me, but the men will say my statement is true. And why shouldn't you? At least two-thirds of all you girls will marry men who use tobacco. I'll wager the price of the wedding-ring on that, and if it gives pleasure to one, why not to the other? Just think what a comfort a cosy, social smoke would be when vexing household problems come to the front! It would soothe so well there'd be no room for fault-finding or scolding. A lady said to me once, as she puffed vigorously at her pipe: "No, my old man don't use it; he can't afford it. We can't afford it but for one, and I will have it." So you see, the "tables are turned" sometimes. I'd like to see the tobacco-using man who dared to say this woman was selfish in spending money for purely personal enjoyment.

To those who succeed in catching the rare ones who do not indulge in the evil thing, Heaven send he may as pure in other ways. I have nothing to say since the law of compensation still exists. But to those who become attached to men whose habits are already formed, do think twice about the matter, and unless you love him well enough to accept his habits along with hers—don't! He is not apt to change his nature and disposition because you promise to be his wife. Neither will you! It must be a "mutual forbearance" as well as "mutual benefit" society. But in the name of all domestic peace and harmony, don't marry intending to cure him of his faults. That process would need to be begun with his great grand parents, with careful training all the way down, and the chances are you would not suit him at all then, and—well I guess it wouldn't do. It don't pay to be plainly present in a missionary spirit, anywhere, but least of all in the home. Good temper and tact will accomplish much better results. My father detested tobacco as much as a woman could, but our visitors didn't, and I grew up with an intense repugnance for it. But out in the world I meet it everywhere—even as snuff in the parlors of ladies—yes they were ladies of culture and refinement—in the South. I couldn't hear of any country where it was not, so still think my own the best. My husband is the best woman ever had, and he both chews and smokes, and my floors are not soiled, nor do I have spittoons for gentlemen have none. I do insist on a good grade of tobacco, and guess we are as happy as most folks. Now, who can do better? And who dares to come and join me in honest confession of what is?—RUTH.

ANOTHER SIDE.—I have been sitting for as much as a minute with my elbow upon the table and my finger between my teeth.

Previous to this striking of dreamy attitude I had read what "Mae Catha Enterbud" was writing regarding tobacco. It confuses me. Like a birdnest shaken by the wind, some of my plans have been——But I am glad my nest hadn't many eggs in it!

To be frank—and I have been frank with the HOUSEHOLD a very, very many times in its life, though I have had my wardrobe all re-modeled until, perhaps, you scarcely recognize me—to be frank, I had been thinking I might sometime like to be a stepmother myself! To a lonely female it has its pleasant aspects. To step right out of a social desert and into a "cool, green and fertile spot," borrow ing a geographical metaphor, seems charmful. I have fancied a home-nest all desirable, with no big boys smelling around hopelessly for something good for lunches in the pantry; with the girls in their teens longing for a deliverer to help them decide the colors that harmonize, the materials best used in their spring dresses, not knowing how much butter is right for the cake nor how long stepping is good for the sore aching; no remedies for sick throats and throbbing heads. I have pictured, dear, wet faces and sobbing lips of the hungry-hearted babies of households left dreary, and I have thought the mission fields are lying nearer than we know. And there's a whole army of good women who ought to be helped and encouraged and blessed and pensioned as they march to these new discovered countries, carrying benedictions of good bread and sweet fruits, and deftly-darned stockings, and soft handkerchiefs for sore little noses.!

How the shiny of mothers up above look down upon the mothers here below who come in as helpers and healers of their best beloved! What sweet welcomes and recognitions await them by and by!

Thus I had reasoned. * * * The world is not as it ought to be, or the position of step-mother would be in better demand and higher repute.

Here again I pause and put my elbow upon the table, and all the time I seem to hear the plaintive wails of pretty dears, so full of mother-want. If I know myself,—and I surely ought, considering that someone counted a dozen gray hairs for me last week,—if I know myself I believe I possess the true spirit of a step-n other; a little crude, perhaps, but genuine. I would like the work upon a large scale, and would not be willing to have any well-behaved under eighteen left out. If I am ever free to enter upon this field, I will advertise for a good large family. I would prefer their father to be dead, as two heads to a government sometimes works mischief.

Meantime I would issue a proclamation, calling upon a hundred thousand strong of noble, self-sacrificing women, who "cannot cross the ocean," and who, like myself, find it more congenial to have "work at home." Here is labor—here is reward. But, oh, Catha's "ghost that will not down!" Who can dare it?—KABA KANAWHA.

INQUIRIES.

"Jerusha Jane" is anxious to know what will destroy the green lice that infest the carnations and chrysanthemum plants. She has tried cigar smoke, insect powder, and a solution of ammonia in water; and has cremated not a few of the lice by jarring the flower-pot while holding it over a hot stove. All these methods having failed to rid her plants entirely from the pests, she appeals to THE HOUSEHOLD for suggestions.

Will some one tell me through THE BLADE, how to make tissue paper flowers, giving minute directions, or, if too long to publish, I will send postage for them? Also, what will remove paint spots from a carpet?—A READER. [We cannot publish your other request in this Department.]—ED.

Will some one tell me where the green roots of ginger are to be found? Are they wild? or if grown in the garden, where can one get the seed? Also, would like a recipe for horseradish sauce for beefsteak or cold meat.—CALIFORNIAN.

Would some one send directions for crocheting pansy lace?

Will some one state what will promote growth of eye-brows, also darken them?—LETHE.

Can any one tell me how to get rid of moths? They are very bad here in Florida, and I have tried many ways to destroy them, but without success.—A. W. VOGLER.

Will some one tell me if singing in the night air injures the voice?—ALETHIA.

Will Mrs Esther Burlingame tell how she stained her chair rosewood? I have an old settee I wish to decorate and think I shou d like to try her way.—F. D.

Will some one tell me how to make a pretty table scarf?—Miss BESSIE SHARPE, Port Allegany, McKean Co., Iowa.

Will some one tell me what is good for hair that is falling out; what will make it come in again; also, what is good for dandruff?—C. L. M.

Will some one send through the HOUSEHOLD, the recipe for making cement, such as shoemakers use for mending leather?—MINNIE CAMP, White Rock P. O., Republic Co., Kansas.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

MRS. C., Lebanon, Pa., the books which you speak of—"Health and Beauty" and "Social Etiquette"—are just such as you would do well to put into the hands of your sons and daughters, and the first will be of equal help to yourself, as it tells you how to take care of yourself without the dosing of drugs. You can get either one by sending to the Lockes Publishing company, Toledo, O., or a copy of THE BLADE for one year and either book with it for $1 80. It will be money well spent.

Under the head of "Answers to Inquiries" in THE BLADE of January 30, 1890, we find the statement of Mrs. G. Wells, 517 H street, N. W., of want and destitution in Beaverton, Rawlins Co., Kan. Now I wish to say that the people of Beaverton and surrounding are not in a suffering condition, but in reasonably fair circumstances. I wish to say further, as trustee of that township, and by virtue of said office overseer of the poor, I have had no application for aid during the present winter; crops have been fair, corn, wheat and potatoes in abundance.—JOHN B. MCCULLOUGH.

"H. Y. F." When the door of a church, or place of entertainment, opens in, a gentleman should push it open and allow the lady to enter first, unless the door is so heavy as to make it impossible; in such case he should enter first and hold the door open while she enters.

If "M. M." will have some one trim her eyelashes, very carefully, and not very much at once, about once a month, it will, in time, lengthen them.—A. READER.

Tobacco smoke puffed over geraniums will kill those small black flies and always keep the ground moist.—MARIGOLD.

In answer to Mrs. Emma Rowe's request of how to polish marble, I will say, that if the marble is rough as it is left by the cutter, she would be unable to polish it from a description, as it requires experience to do the work and a trained eye to tell when the work is "down" for the gloss. But she can regloss marble that has been rubbed down by following directions: Get oxalic acid at a drug store. Make a roll 1½ inches in diameter and 3 or 4 inches long of woolen cloth (do not use cotton). Dampen the end of the roll, not too wet, but wet enough to dissolve the acid. Universe the acid and dip the end of the roll in it and rub the surface to be polished briskly until the desired polish is obtained. Care must be taken not to let the acid dry on the polished surface, as it will burn the polish all off. Wash off in clean water when finished. If she wants the process in full "from the rough," I will send it to her, if she will send postage.—J. F. HUBBARD, Mich.

If "Subscriber," from Northeast Washington, will send address I will be glad to send choice reading matter.—MRS. W. F. A., Monroe county, Mich.

If any of the sisters would like to obtain a collection of cacti, I will send them the three kinds which are natives of this state, provided they will send postage. Address MISS EFFIE STUMBO, Wyandotte county, Kan.

Please say to Mrs. J. H. that if she will send a self addressed envelope to me, I will tell her of a good magazine. Cannot send it to the HOUSEHOLD, as it would be an advertisement.—ETTA SMITH, White county, Ill.

RECIPES.

GOOD COOKIES.—2 cupfuls rich, sour cream; a pinch of salt; 2 cupfuls sugar; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls saleratus; rub quite thin and sift over it ¾ cupful of sugar; and roll in. Granulated sugar is to be used. Will send a recipe for custard cake if wanted.—TRIXY.

IDA'S HICKORY NUT CAKE.—1 cupful white sugar; ½ cupful butter; whites of 3 eggs; ½ cupful sweet milk; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 2 cupfuls flour; 1 teaspoonful lemon; 1 cupful hickory-nut kernels chopped fine. Bake in jelly-cake tins, and put together with icing made of whites of 2 eggs; and 8 teaspoonfuls sugar. Use pulverized sugar.—MRS. S. E. M.

MOLASSES CAKE.—1 cupful of molasses, ½ cupful cold water, a piece of, butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt and 2½ cupfuls of flour.—NELLIE ROSCOE.

WASHINGTON PIE.—Grate 3 sour apples, the rind of one lemon; also add the juice of the lemon; 1 cupful of sugar and 1 egg. Stir it well together, heat enough to cook the egg and spread between layers of sponge cake.—H. E. W.

SUMMER MINCE PIE.—1½ cupfuls of sugar; 1½ cupfuls molasses; 1 cupful of vinegar; ½ cupful raisins; 1 cupful of cold water; ½ cupful butter; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful of spices; 1½ cupfuls of cracker crumbs. This will make four pies on medium-sized tins, and are to be baked with two crusts. They are very good in the spring when it it is difficult to obtain fresh fruit.—L. A. F.

SPONGE CAKE.—3 eggs; 1 cupful of sugar, 1½ cupfuls of flour; 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt, flavoring to suit; 3 tablespoonfuls cold water added the last thing.—H. E. W.

LEMON JELLY.—1 lemon, juice, grated rind and pulp; 1 cupful of sugar; 1 egg; 1 heaping tablespoonful of corn starch; 1 cupful boiling water. Rub the corn starch smooth in a little cold water, mix well with the egg, sugar and lemon; add the boiling water, a little at a time, stirring it constantly; cook about 5 minutes and use to spread between layers of cake.—W.

BARBECUED HAMS.—Cut slices of boiled ham and fry them in their own fat. Prepare a sauce of 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar; ½ teaspoonful of sugar; ½ teaspoonful of mustard; a little pepper and salt. Lay the ham in a hot dish, stir the sauce in the skillet in the pan, let it boil up once and pour over the meat.

The sponge cake recipe on February 13, should call for 3 eggs, in addition to the rest that belongs to it.—C. W.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—I have known the following to cause a speedy cure: Alcohol and spirits of turpentine, equal parts and apply frequently.—L. S. B.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CORDOVA, NEB.	TRUMANSBURG, N. Y.
Alice I Konkright	Myrtle E Williams
Eugene S Konkright	John S Crego
HUDSON, MO.	Dora M Crego
Allie A Pratt	ADRIAN, MICH.
E Edna Leonard	Edward D Allis
Grace T Mitchell	Melvin Roy Baker
Lissie E Bottoms	Mattie Crane
Clara M Wilson	Mattie Ditton
Blanche Hall	Maud Schaffer
Carrie Hall	Matie Ditton
Susie F Cooper	Carrie Ditton
Minnie W Belisle	Bessie Bennett
Lizzie Belisle	Hubert Gander
Fred M Belisle	Stanley Gander
Grace J Chapin	Joe Clark
Rolla T Chapin	Lorenzo Camp
Alonzo B Christie	Walter Parker
George B Conwell	Jesse Parker
Will A Conwell	Dolpha Remmelle
S Clay Mauck	Mabel Remmele
DeQuincy Wix	Pearl Schaffer
FARMA, IDAHO.	Ora Ella Remmele
Alice M Stockton	BURLINGAME, KAS.
Isabella Odom	Nettie Truesdall
Laura Stockton	Eva Jordan
Nett e Odom	Walter Reeder
Tennie Stockton	Bert Souders
Ola A Odom	Caro Finck
Ida B Stockton	Daffy Hills
Richard L Stockton	Winnie Hills
William H Lively	Julia Palmer
NO ADDRESS GIVEN.	Ada Nelson
Belle Mason	Laura Buck
Lilly Mason	Maud Thomson
Lee Lindsey	Wilson Matson
Mason Ellis	Mary Unruk
Lincoln Mason	Annie Charlton
John N Edwards	Annie Stewart
Wm R Edwards	Emma Matson
Rosa Ruddell	Bennie Unruk
OCALA, FLA.	Louie Unruk
Mary Bull	Charlie Stein
Grace Gaffney	Alma Palmer
Zulah Chaille	Minnie Steeves
Lillie Williams	Ella Everly
Mallory Liddon	May Bush
Howard Chaille	Myra Jordan
Pearl Ross	Alice Bryan
Gertrude Whittier	

Names this week, 64. Total, 29,091. The above embraces all names received up to March 21

For the Young Folks.

A GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

BY MYRTLE M'KINNEY.

Now, dear children, great and small,
Come and listen, one and all,
While to you a tale I'll tell,
Of this world, on which you dwell.

Men used to think the Earth was flat,
But you and I know more than that.
We know instead of flat, it's round
As any ball that can be found.

But tho' it's round just like a ball,
It is much larger than them all.
It measures many miles around—
Twenty-five thousand, will be found.

The distance through is also great,
Up in the thousands, as far as eight.
And so you see, my children dear,
What a monstrous ball you live on here.

The "distance round," some men of sense
Have titled it "circumference."
The distance through, I will aver,
Bears the name, "diameter."

And this ball, so large and round,
Upon its axis rolls around—
Once in every twenty-four hours,
Rolls through sunshine and through showers.

The axis is flattened at both ends—
Isn't that odd, my little friends?
And these flat ends, the "poles" are named;
For ice and snow they are far-famed.

The north pole is encased in ice;
The south one, too, is just as nice,
And men have tried to cross the seas,
To view these poles—but always freeze.

This earth consists of water and land,
But there's three times more water than there is of land.
The water's divided into oceans and seas,
And lakes and rivers, if you please.

We also find some gulfs and bays,
As we gradually trace our watery ways,
And straits and sounds our eyes behold,
And the narrow channels to us unfold.

"The oceans are very large"—men say—
The largest bodies of water are they,
With their briny arms so far outstretched,
From north to south, from east to west.

These mighty oceans number five,
And daring men to the bottom dive,
And run the risk of breaking their necks,
To search for riches lost in wrecks.

And now we'll cross from ocean to land,
With its mountains high and scenery grand.
The land's divided into continents great,
Islands, peninsulas, isthmuses, capes.

The continents number only two,
The "Eastern" and "Western," or "Old World" and "New."
The Eastern's the larger, with countries three,
Europe, Asia and Africa.

The Western Continent, as you will see,
Has but two countries, instead of three.
North America—the nicest of all—
And South America, the other they call.

Indeed there is very much more to tell
About this country, in which we dwell.
But I see you're tired and want to play,
So my lesson is ended, and I'll say "Good day."

LA FONTAINE, Ras.

For the Young Folks.

LUCY'S DUCK.

A True Story.

LULA A. DAVIS.

WHEN Lucy was a wee girl about four years old she was one day visiting a neighbor who owned a nice brood of little ducklings. "Oh, I wish I had one!" was Lucy's exclamation the moment she beheld them, and of course the neighbor understood the broad hint, and one of the ducks was given to her. It was about three weeks old—just the right size to be cute, and it straightway became a great pet with the whole household. And if a duck ever tried to talk, that one certainly did. It seemed to have as much right to the house as any of us, and was a great annoyance to our older sister, Rose. It would go into the kitchen when she was busy preparing the meals and greet her with "Quack, quack," which we interpreted as meaning "How do you do?"

It would follow her around, and several times it narrowly escaped being stepped upon, but then Rose had a kind heart, and would not have hurt it, even though she did some times "scold."

"Duckie, Duckie," we would call, and if it was nowhere in sight, we would soon hear its familiar "Quack, quack," and it would lose no time in coming to us.

It would follow Lucy and I nearly every place we went, if we would permit it, but we were satisfied with its merely following us, and would tie a string to its neck, and lead it when we were playing, and it would waddle along as contentedly as could be. No difference if we did sometimes go so fast as to upset it, it would say "quack, quack," get up and follow us as eagerly as ever.

We had a play-house, (what child has not?) and we had great fun with our—no, Lucy's duck. We would take it to the play-house, and pretend it was company. We would talk to it and it would answer in its language, and many happy hours we spent together.

We would tie duckie in a box to keep it out of our way, and it would stay there very contentedly, and talk to us continually.

One day we tied it in the box, and were busy playing, when we were called to dinner. In our haste we forgot duckie and left it tied in its box. It was sometime after dinner when we thought of it, and how our feet flew to that play-house. We called to duckie, and not receiving a reply, concluded something must be wrong. Hastily we ran to the box and conceive our horror and chagrin, when we saw that poor little duck hanging over the side of the box—dead!

It did not like the idea of being left alone and had tried to get out to follow us, and the string not being of sufficient length to reach the floor on the outside of the box, the duck was left hanging about half way from the top of the box to the floor. If ever two children felt sorrier than we did, I pity them.

We had not only the loss of our pet to bear, but also the knowledge that we were the cause of its death. That was the worst of it. We have not forgotten to untie that string, or had arrived before the duck died! But, alas! We were too late for aught but repentence.

We knew that mamma would have to be told, and I, being the older, that duty devolved upon me.

Silently we wended our way to the house, and it must have been two sorrowful little faces that mamma beheld.

"Mamma, the duck is dead," I finally found the courage to say. Well, we escaped with very little reproof, for I think mamma was almost as sorry as we were. And Rose, too, though she had pretended not to care much for the "sweet little thing," was sorry when she heard the story. Poor little duckie! Its life was a short one, and it almost makes me feel sad yet, (young lady that I am,) when I think of the tragic ending of its life.

As for Lucy, I do not know what she thought concerning it, except by her looks, for she never would say whether she was sorry or whether she missed the duck.

She never has expressed her opinion about it yet, but it is a fact that she never possessed another pet duck.

A SQUIRREL'S HOSPITALITY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

Upon the large estates in the eastern part of the city of New Haven, are enclosed groves of oak, hickory, chestnut and other food-bearing trees, where many gray squirrels rear their families in almost entire security.

For the dozen or more pairs which inhabit one particular grove, my neighbor put up boxes in convenient tree-crotches, which the squirrels at once took possession of. He also hoisted a suspension bridge between two large trees much frequented by them, and we all have derived a great deal of amusement in watching the antics of the little fellows upon this aerial road. It is sixty-five feet long, swings about twenty feet above the ground at the center of its curve, and consists of short poles, wired into a cable.

Some families of squirrels, however, live in the Hillhouse grove, beyond the fence, and make nests, in their wild fashion, of leaves and twigs, lined with shredded bark. This grove is open to the public, and the squirrels suffer in spite of all our vigilance. One day my neighbor heard the voices of young squirrels coming faintly from beneath a boy's coat, and at once pounced on the youth, who thought of various things pretty rapidly (for him) and concluded it would pay him to give up his plunder.

The little creatures were now in the hands of a well-wisher, but they were orphans and homeless. What could be done with them? In size they were half as large as the adults, but they had hardly (if at all) been weaned, and were totally innocent of the world. Brought into my friend's big yard, as the first step toward help, one of the rash pair darted from the doctor's gentle grasp, scrambled up a tree to the first crotch, where it lay hugging the limb.

With the other the doctor walked toward the house. It uttered frequently a piteous little cry, and this attracted in an instant the attention of a mother squirrel

Talmage's Sermon.

A DISCOURSE ON THE ANGELS.

The Powers of the Heavenly Host who are Always About the Christian to Help and Sustain Him and Lead Him into Paths of Righteousness.

BROOKLYN, March 23.—The Academy of Music was filled to overflowing this morning by the Tabernacle congregation, and a large number of strangers anxious to hear the famous preacher. After the opening exercises, which commenced with the singing of the hymn,

"Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home,"

Dr. Talmage announced as his text, Judges xiii. 19, "And the angel did wondrously." Following is a verbatim report of his sermon:

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in praise of God, and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But, as the flames rose higher and higher, their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to the angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angeology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm mythical, weird, spectral, and unknown. Such adjournment is unscriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits, their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full-length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angeology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other—the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of these former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman, but they are of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher, guessed, and divided angels into super-celestial, celestial and subcelestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed and divided them into three classes—the supreme, the middle, and the last—and each of these into three other classes, making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays of the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are beyond being tempted. His one only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided int Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers. Their commander-in-chief is Michael. Daniel called him Michael, St. John called him Michael. These supernal beings are more thoroughly organized than any army that ever marched. They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the universe except God. May the angel of the new covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes, and touch our tongue, and rouse our soul, while we speak of their deathlessness, their intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They had a cradle, but

Will Never Have a Grave.

The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished, or their monument slowly up, or their existence terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle, or a decrepitude, or a hindrance; as young after six thousand years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven: "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels." Yes, deathless are these wonderful creatures of whom I speak. They will see worlds after world go out, but there shall be no fading of their own brilliance. Yea, after the last world has taken its last flight, they will be ready for the widest circuit through immensity, taking a quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they encounter wrath in one night, one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile, multipotent, deathless, immortal!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke to King David of the wisdom of an angel. We take in what little we know through eye and ear and nostril and touch; but those beings have no physical endowment and hence they have all senses. A wall five feet thick is not solid to them. Through it they go without disturbing flake of mortar or crystal of sand. Knowledge! It flashes on them. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hinderment. No need of literature for them. The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are constellations. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are surmises, and sunsets, and midnight auroras, and the conqueror on the white horse with the moon under his feet, and seas of glass mingled with fire. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescope to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies at their feet. What an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent that even the intelligence of angelhood is confounded before it. The apostle says, "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is a theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb, and deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God himself can fully understand

The Wonders of Redemption.

If all heaven should study it for 50 eternities, they would get no further than the A, B, C of the inexhaustible subject. But nearly all the other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last line of the last page and of the last volume of investigation. And what delights the most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal and coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by 100 years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of unshod feet. As these superhumans are without bodies these expressions are of course figurative, and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying, and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the center of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel Gabriel flew from that center to this periphery. Jesus told Peter he could instantly have sixty thousand angels present if he called for them. Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can circle the earth in a minute. Angelic beings are bodiless and have no limitation. God may with his finger point down to some world in trouble on the outmost limits of creation, and instantly an angelic cohort are there to help it. Or some celestial may be standing at the furthermost outpost of immensity, and God may say "Come!" and instantly it is in his bosom. The fed feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegiras. This doubles up and compresses infinitudes into infinitesimals. This puts all the astronomical heavens into a space like the balls of a child's rattle. This mingles into one the Here and the There, the Now and the Then, the Beyond and the Yonder.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious, immortals is that

They are Multitudinous.

Their census has never been taken and no one may God know how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountaintops haloed by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred thousand. But these are only the angels in one place. David counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the companionship of ten thousand angels. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every pillow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth full of them. The heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouths of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Saviour in his agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the Pool of Siloam, where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that thrust in the sickle, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand, swearing that Time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world the reapers are the angels. Yea, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels.

This leads me to speak of

The Offices of These Supernals.

To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right, and overthrow the wrong; that is their business. Just as alert to-day and efficient as when in Bible times they spread wing, or unsheathed sword, or rocked down penitentiaries, or filled the mountains with horses of fire hitched to chariots of fire and driven by reinsmen of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times, and you knew it not.

When an incentive to purity and righteousness is this doctrine that we are continually under angelic observations! Eyes ever on you, so that the most secret misdeed is committed in the midst of an audience of immortals. No door so bolted, no darkness so Cimmerian as to hinder that supernal eyesight. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eyesight, not baleful eyesight, but friendly eyesight, sympathetic eyesight, helpful eyesight.

Men and women of all circumstances, only partly appreciated, or not appreciated at all, never feel lonely again or unregarded again. Angels all around; angels to approve, angels to help, angels to remember. Yea, while all the good angels are friends of the good, there is one special angel your body-guard. This idea, until this present study of angelology, I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it clearly stated in the Bible. When the disciples were praying for Peter's deliverance from prison, and he appeared at the door of the prayer-meeting, they could not believe it was Peter. They said: "It is his angel." So these disciples, in special nearness to Christ, evidently believed that every worthy soul has an angel. Jesus said of his followers: "Their angels behold the face of my Father." Elsewhere it is said: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Angel-shielded, angel-protected, angel-guarded, angel-cannopied, art thou. No wonder that Charles Wesley hymned these words:

Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?

Valerius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's sake in the year 287, and after the day when their bodies had been whipped and pounded into a jelly in the night in prison, and before the next day, when they were to be executed, they both thought they saw angels standing with two glittering crowns saying: "Be of good cheer, valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! a little more of battle and then these crowns are yours." And I am glad to know that before many of those who have passed through great sufferings in this life some angel of God has held

A Blazing Coronet of Eternal Reward.

Yea; we are to have such a guardian angel to take us upward when our work is done. You know we are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. This shows that none shall be so poor in dying he cannot afford angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space, we should shudder at the thought of going alone. But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow, or the place of your fatal accident, and say: "Hail, immortal one! All is well. God hath sent me to take you home," and without tremor or slightest sense of peril you will away and upward, further on and further on, until after awhile heaven heaves in sight, and the rumble of chariot wheels and the roll of "mighty" hallelujahs are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift and you are inside the amethystine walls, and on the bank of the jasper sea, forever free, forever well, forever rested, forever united, forever happy. Mothers, don't think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms into angelic arms. Out of sickness into death. Out of a cradle into a Saviour's bosom. Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses, the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of heaven. "Now, angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.

Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it. When he warns up against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept his deliverance. Paul had it right when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In this awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their swords on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And this makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. It so happens that this world is the battle ground between angelic nations, good and bad. Michael, the commander-in-chief of one side; Lucifer, as Byron calls him, or Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander-in-chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership, and all abondoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences, may we come in on the right side; for on that side are God and heaven and victory. Meanwhile the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and demoniacal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, and Powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon!"

WRITE POSTAL CARDS!

Let every reader of THE BLADE who wishes to have Congress, at *this* session, pass a service pension bill, write *two* postal cards—one to his Representative, the other to one of the Senators from his state—*at once!* Read the article headed, "Comrades, Attention!" under the Pension head, on the 5th page. That will tell you what to do.

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Currant Culture.

Michigan Farmer, Howard county, Michigan: The trouble of your currant bushes was, that they were attacked by the imported currant borer. It makes its way into the interior of the stems, so weakening them that the wood breaks easily, and in fruiting time is so weak that the bushes bend over, and the fruit withers. The remedy is to cut away all the limbs affected and burn them. In this way you will gradually get rid of them. To keep currants in vigorous growth, all the three year old branches should be cut away, and every five or six years the rows should be renewed. The cuttings in renewing rows should be ten to twelve inches long, of last year's growth, and should be cut just below the union with the old wood. Cut away all buds that are on that part of the cutting that is to go below ground, leaving two or three buds above ground. Insert cuttings half their length into the ground. They should then have a mulching of straw or leaves. Set in early spring.

Colts Thin, Shaggy and Weak.

H. A. B., Kansas: Your colts are very likely to be troubled with worms, either intestinal or thread. Give each colt a physic of linseed oil and witch thes fuses. If you find any worms of either kind, treatment is then necessary. If there is any itching about the anus of either of the colts, you may be pretty sure that they have thread worms. Give the colts rock salt at which to lick. A physic, with good wholesome food, may bring them around in good shape, if worms are not present. As a tonic take 6 drs. of citrate of iron and ammonia, divide into 24 powders, and give one a day to each colt in drinking water, or on a mash. The oil should first be given. Carefully watch the droppings of the colts. If worms are found write, giving the number of THE BLADE in which this appears.

Looks Like Ringworm.

A Reader, Wisconsin: Your horse is troubled with ringworms. Of these there are two kinds—herpes and tinea. The former is of the more important and readily deals with, but the latter, which, from your letter, we judge to be tinea, is contagious, and leaves disfiguring marks. Contagious ringworm is found on the best cared for as well as neglected horses. The hairs first become dry, and the hair falls out. The part is usually of a circular form, and has fine, white, bran like scales. The disease is caused by a parasite on the skin, thought to be a plant. The mode of treatment is, first give a purge, say three drachms of aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After this has operated, wash the patches with soft soap or weak lye. Wash thoroughly and then apply this ointment: Iodine, ½ drachm; iodide of potash, 1 drachm; glycerine, 1 oz. Mix well and use every day. The stable must be made scrupulously clean, and the harness and collars washed with strong soap and water, after which, brush them with a strong solution of corrosive sublimate—one drachm to a pint of water. The blankets should be boiled.

Is it a Paying Crop.

N. O., Reily county, Kansas: Information relative to flax was given in last week's BLADE. Some producers do well raising flax. Most people now think that BLADE should be protection in flax sufficient to induce more agriculturists to go into its production.

Give the Name of Your County.

Correspondents will hereafter please give the name of their county in their letters. It will save the editor much time that will otherwise have to be given to looking up the name of the county.

Hydrothorax.

R. S. L., Adams county, Illinois: You describe the above disease, one of the forms of dropsy, and a most difficult one to treat. The treatment which your mare received may have been a proper one, as the personal examination is a great aid in determining that which is best. However, a different line might have been necessary. But in cases of this kind, if the editor understands your letter correctly, he would have recommended that a cathartic first be given to clean out the bowels, then a careful course of diuretic medicine. First, about 12 to 13 ozs. of raw linseed oil, 2 drachms oil of anise-seed, and 1½ ozs. of spirits of sweet nitre. After this, tincture of digitalis, 2 drachms; spirits of juniper, 1 oz.; hot gin toddy, 6 ozs. Give every seven hours each day for two days. After this give half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia three times a day, dissolved in drinking water or on a mash, for several days. Considering the condition of your mare at present you are advised to secure the services of a skilled veterinarian at once, as she will require very careful treatment. If you cannot secure a veterinarian, the treatment above might be tried. If she is very weak, omit the cathartic, but otherwise she should have it.

The Silk Worm.

Mrs. M. D. A., Tuscola county, Michigan: Write to Jeremiah Rusk, secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and you will be sent a pamphlet telling all about the silk worm.

Facial Bones Enlarged—Tusks in Front of Upper Jaw Teeth.

J. W. S., Nemaha county, Nebraska: If the teeth you speak of are the second dentition, or permanent teeth, extract the milk teeth, or those of first dentition. The tusks you speak of are no doubt the permanent teeth. If we judge correctly get the ones out immediately beneath them as soon as possible. The swelling of the facial bones is of a more serious character, and is very likely the beginning of osteo sarcoma. Rub the swollen parts once a day with mercurial ointment, 1 oz.; iodine ointment, 2 ozs. Also give internally night and morning, powders, namely: Calomel, ¼ oz.; iodine of potassa, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1½ ozs. To be made into 24 powders. Write giving the medicine keep the animal dry and warm.

Rub and Rooster with Scabby Heads.

Mrs. C. C., Sacramento county, California: Give each fowl a full teaspoonful of castor oil, and repeat in three days. They must have plenty of green food, as this is a prolific cause of the disease named. Rub their heads, after washing with warm water, with an ointment composed of four parts of vaseline and one part sulphur.

Cough In Cow.

S. J. L., Iowa: The editor can not tell from that which you write, what is the cause of the cough in your cow. Perhaps her bronchial tubes are affected or her nostrils have polypi growing in them. Examine her nostrils, and if there is nothing growing in them, wet her breast and throat with mustard stirred up in boiling water. Then give this: Guaicum, 2 ozs.; sassafras root, 1 oz.; water, 1 quart. Boil to a pint and add ½ oz. of licorice stick. When dissolved, strain, and give in two doses, night and morning.

Hogs Rub Hair From Their Sides and Root of Tails.

S. H. D., Custer county, Nebraska: Your hogs are troubled with mange. Soap them well with soft soap, and an hour afterward wash it off with warm water. Then for every two hogs use this: Powdered staversacre seed, 2 ozs.; olive or sweet oil, 1 oz.; lard 8, ozs. Mix well together. Or, wash the hogs after using the soft soap and warm water with flowers of sulphur 2 lbs., quicklime 1 lb., water 2 gals. Boil together, stirring continually until the ingredients are combined. The pens must be cleaned up, if there is anything that looks like uncleanliness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Asks a Few Questions.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to ask a few questions concerning poultry. I am much interested in raising chickens, and the before prized BLADE has increased a great deal in value, in my estimation, since the talks on poultry have commenced. I read all that is said on the subject, but so far, have seen nothing about feeding millet seed. I feed a pint in the afternoon to five hens and so far have received only good results, but knowing nothing about the seed as a food, do not know how soon it may injure them. How is it to be fed, in soft feed or like corn, and what are its good qualities, if it has any? What is the best shell-producing food? What is the object in feeding bone meal? and where can it be obtained?—MRS. C. L. QUAINTANCE, Bucyrus, Ohio.

Answer to Daphne.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Reading with interest the poultry letters, I noticed a request that I could answer "Daphne." Houdans are a hardy breed and handsome, being great layers; they are also ready for broilers at from 2 to 4 months; they are non-sitters. The light Brahmas I prefer for broilers, as they are a great deal larger in the same length and one of the best winter layers, if full-blood. Both kinds are hard to beat.—MRS. F. E. F.

The Best Food.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The best food for hens in winter to make them lay, I think is buckwheat and corn. I feed buckwheat in the morning, and my hens have layed better this than in other winters. I have three pullets commenced laying the first of December and have layed until the 7th of March, 270 eggs. The old hens commenced in February, about the first, and have layed ever since. I think it is the care that is taken of them. Hens want a warm place and good food, or it will not pay to keep them.—E. T. MERVILLS, Pike, New York.

Interested In It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM: Being very much interested in the poultry department, I concluded to send a few hints which may assist some one.

Last year before trying to set any hens, I made several "sitting boxes," each about 24 inches high and 14 inches square, (box to stand upright) with a ventilation "window" on the back side, near the top.

In the front side, about midway between top and bottom, was a sliding door ten inches wide, reaching across the side, to open and shut horizontally, providing a means for the entrance and exit of the hens, and leaving a wire covered hole in the centre, the wire to prevent entrance of rats, etc.

Inside, below the slide, I made a good nest of straw, scattering some sulphur over it, also putting in four or five small peeled onions to keep away vermin. I then put in eggs and hen and closed the door.

The object of the box is to prevent the hen from deserting the nest.

A small rack, four feet square, and sufficiently high to reach above the door, was placed in front, into which I allowed the hens to go for exercise and food each day. By having several of these arrangements, I was successful in hatching all the chicks I desired, losing only one or two eggs of each sitting. The "sitting boxes" may be made of boxes which can be procured of any groceryman, and need not have exactly the dimensions given, only they should be clean and large enough to provide plenty of room and fresh air.

A few holes bored with a small auger will do as well as screen covered holes.

The day previous to hatching I take the eggs and dip them in warm water, which I think aids the chick in procuring freedom.

If the editor desires I will come again and tell some more of my experience.—SOLON CLOUGH, Metamora Ohio.

Worms in Windpipe.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—We have been taking THE BLADE only a short time, but like it very much. Are much pleased with the poultry department. Would like to ask if any poultry raiser in BLADE'S reader's circle has ever had any cause of worms in windpipe of chickens which have gapes; also a preventive?

We have a cure, which is to remove the worms, but as it takes so much time and patience, would much rather have a preventive.

On January 1, 1889, we had 40 hens, Plymouth Rock crossed with Light Brahma, from which we sold during that year $56.30 worth of chickens and $17.15 worth of eggs. Used five and one-half dozen chickens for family and a great many eggs. Highest price received for chickens, per lb, 13c; lowest 5c; average price per lb, 6½c. Highest price for eggs, 15c per doz; lowest, 7c; average price per doz., 9½c. Poultry sold, $56.30; poultry used for family, $11; eggs sold, $17.15; total, $84.45.

We live on a farm. Feed young chicks nothing but cracked corn wet with milk, and scraps from table. Feed old ones only during winter; give them whole corn, vegetable parings, and scraps of meat occasionally. Never cook feed for any of them, and did not lose a chicken during the year with any disease except gapes.—MRS. L. B. CASWELL, Waverly, Ill.

The Most Profitable Turkey.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Please allow me space in your much appreciated department of THE BLADE, for a suggestion to my fellow poultrymen as to the kind of turkeys that are the most profitable for the farmer. I am convinced by experience that the White Holland turkey is the champion. As their name implies, they have a beautiful snow white plumage, and in size are between the Mammoth Bronze and the common turkey. The young are hardy, easily raised, and mature early, attaining full size the first season. The female is very prolific, lays twice as many eggs as the common turkey, is an excellent mother, quiet in disposition—not wild and inclined to ramble like the Bronze and other varieties. There is no resemblance at all between them and the common white turkey. They are highly prized and esteemed in Holland, as well as in the United States. As to table qualities, their flesh surpasses all other varieties. This winter I killed two Toms, one of the bronze and one of the white Holland; both were young and fed the same. The bronze was boney, and weighed, dressed, 9½ lbs.; the white Holland was plump, and dressed 14 lbs. As for me I have none but the White Holland this year. My market is Pittsburgh, and I propose to put up my dressed turkeys against anything that will appear in that market.—H. W. BAMS, Harmony, Pa.

Astonished at Some of the Advice.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As you have added a poultry department to the old stand-by, THE BLADE, I will give a little of my experience in the poultry business for some time and have read a good deal of poultry literature. I am astonished at some of the advice given by breeders to new beginners. I think they do not give all the facts in the case. They hold out the idea that all can make a fortune in the business—that there is room enough for all at the top of the ladder, and quote as argument the amount of eggs we import from other countries. I was brought up to believe, and still hold to the same idea, that the profits are derived by supply and demand, and unless we can have a duty on eggs, I do not see any encouragement to enlarge the business; and again, most breeders advise new beginners to commence with full-blood stock. If they would sell at live-and-let-live prices it would do. The new beginner of to-day, who pays the big prices for poultry and eggs, and expects these prices again will get left. They will be like hens' teeth, "few and far between." There is a good deal for a new beginner to take into consideration. Most of the breeders advise to get pedigree stock. What do you want them for, eggs, for broilers, or for fancy show stock? If for eggs, I do not think full bloods will lay any more eggs than a good grade. I have full blood Plymouth Rock, brown Leghorn, light Brahmas and Houdans, and I have a cross between Plymouth Rocks and brown Leghorns that will lay as many eggs as either. I am of the opinion of Fanny Field—that there is an everlasting sight of humbug about this poultry business, and the sooner it is exposed the better it will be for all concerned.—E. M. KENT, Mantua, O.

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EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Oats are a much neglected but important crop. Many suppose them unprofitable. Well, so they are, in the usual way they are grown, by giving them the poorest ground on the place, without a thought of any manure for them, and putting them in in a hurry before the ground is dry enough, and in a slipshod manner at that. As one man said, "Oats don't pay rent on the ground." I believed him, knowing the way he put them in. He plows the ground (some times) then sows his oats once over and harrows once a light, slight A harrow and is done sowing. I have crossed his finished oat field and found the oats not half covered, and every kind of bird that would eat oats was at the picnic. Now, if he had waited a few days longer, till the ground worked drier, plowed clean but shallow, sowed his oats and well harrowed with a sharp smooth, mellow surface, with not an oat to be seen, or had drilled them in after having made a fine seed bed, how much better pleased he would have been with the oat crop. Or if the ground you wish to put in oats is clean in every respect, to thoroughly double shovel or cultivate one way, then sow broadcast and cultivate in the opposite way from first cultivation, is a good way and brings very good results. Oats are indispensible to all good farmers and horsemen, fed both as chop-feed and threshed, and forms one of the chain of the very best rotation crops, viz: oats, wheat, clover and corn. I generally sow northern grown seed, preferring the black oat, believing them to be the heaviest. With proper treatment on fair land, they will yield 30 to 50 bushels easily.—PENKINS D. FISHER, Indiana.

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WASHINGTON NEWS.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses for the Week.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—Mr. Voorhees offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, The deep and widespread depression and decay of the agricultural interests of the country, proven by the enormous and appalling amount of mortgage indebtedness on agricultural lands, the total failure of home markets to furnish remunerative prices for farm products, the failure of public authority and insufficiency of money in circulation in the hands of the people with which to transact the business of the country and effect exchanges of property and labor for values are circumstances of the most alarming character and call for the serious and solemn consideration of the Congress of the United States; and

WHEREAS, The welfare of the people and the safety and well-being of the government, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the bounden duty of Congress in the present crisis to lay aside all minor questions and to give prompt and immediate attention to the consideration and adoption of such measures as are required for the relief of the farmers and other toilers and underpaid laborers of the United States.

He asked that the resolution be printed and laid on the table and gave notice that, at the close of the morning business on Wednesday, he would call up the resolution to submit some remarks in relation to it.

Mr. Mitchell asked on what any remedy was suggested in the resolution.

Mr. Voorhees said there was not; but that the remedy would be pointed out by him in his remarks.

The Edmunds bill was then taken up as the "unfinished business," and Mr. Daniel addressed the Senate in advocacy of it. Mr. Morgan followed in opposition.

The urgent deficiency bill was then taken up and several amendments reported by the committee on appropriations were agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Wilkinson, of Ohio, a joint resolution was passed calling on the secretary of War for a further report as to the practicability and approximate cost of tunneling the Detroit river at or near Detroit, Mich.

Mr. McKenna, of California, under instructions of the committee of the eleventh census, moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill authorizing the superintendent of the census to enumerate the Chinese population in such a manner as to enable him to make a complete and accurate descriptive list of all Chinese persons who are in the United States at the time of taking the census; the object to give to each person so enumerated a certificate containing particulars necessary to fully identify him and such certificate shall be the sole evidence of the right of the person to be and remain in the United States. The bill further provides penal statutes against the Chinese who shall sell, transfer or dispose of such certificates. The sum of $100,000 is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the act. The bill was passed without division.

Under suspension of the rules the following bills and resolutions were passed.

A joint resolution requesting the President to invite the king of the Hawaiian Islands to select delegates to represent his kingdom in the Pan-American congress.

A bill to transfer the revenue cutter service from the Treasury department to the Navy department.

A bill creating the offices of assistant general superintendent and chief clerk of the railway mail service.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Mr. Sherman, from the committee on finance, reported a substitute for the bill "against trusts" in restraint of production, and it was placed on the calendar.

Among the pension bills reported was one giving a pension of $50 a month to Mrs. Stevens, daughter of Col. Baker, who was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

Immediately after the morning business the consideration of the urgent deficiency bill was resumed.

At the amendments having been disposed of the bill was passed.

On motion of Mr. Allison the vote of the Senate which yesterday agreed to the House amendment to the bill for a public building at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was reconsidered on account of some formality and the bill was reconcurred.

The Blair educational bill was then taken up as the "unfinished business," and Mr. Hawley addressed the Senate in opposition to it. Mr. Moody and Mr. Chandler spoke in favor of the bill, after which it went over till to-morrow.

The House amendments to the Oklahoma bill were non-concurred in and a conference ordered.

The following Senate bills for public buildings passed: Spokane Falls, Wash., $100,000; Walla Walla, Wash., $50,000; Saginaw, Mich., $250,000; Sioux Falls, S. Dak., $2 0,000; Tacoma, Wash., $100,000; Deadwood, S. Dak., $200,000; Seattle, Wash., $100,000.

Other bills were passed as follows:

The House bill to amend the act of July 1, 18 6, to authorize the Denison & Washita Valley Railroad company to construct and operate a railroad through the Indian Territory (with an amendment).

The Senate bill to authorize the secretary of the Interior to survey and mark the seventh standard parallel of Montana between the states of North and South Dakota.

The Senate bill to establish certain ports of delivery in Alaska territory (Mary Island, Wrangle, Juneau, Land Point, Kodiak and Unalaska).

The Senate bill appropriating $30,000 for a penitentiary in the state of North Dakota.

In the House, on motion of Mr. McRae, of Arkansas (acting under instructions from the committee on public lands), a bill was passed authorizing affidavits and depositions under the public land laws to be made before commissioners of United States courts, or before the clerk of any court of record in the county in which the land is situated.

Mr. Payson, of Illinois, under instructions from the same committee, called up the bill to repeal the timber culture laws. The bill further provides that any person who has made entry on any public lands of the United States under the timber culture laws, and who has for a period of four years, in good faith, complied with the provisions of said laws, shall be entitled to make final proof thereof, and acquire title to the same by the payment of $1.25 per acre for such tract, under such rules and regulations as shall be prescribed by the secretary of the interior, which homestead entry and proof shall contain the affidavit of the claimant in such manner as to enable him to make a complete and accurate descriptive list of all Chinese persons who are in the United States at the time of making the census; the origin of each person so enumerated, a certificate containing particulars necessary to fully identify him and such certificate shall be the sole evidence of the right of the person to be and remain in the United States. The bill further provides penal statutes against the Chinese who shall sell, transfer or dispose of such certificates. The sum of $100,000 is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the act. The bill was passed without division.

Under suspension of the rules the following bills and resolutions were passed.

A joint resolution requesting the President to invite the king of the Hawaiian Islands to select delegates to represent his kingdom in the Pan-American congress.

A bill to transfer the revenue cutter service from the Treasury department to the Navy department.

A bill creating the offices of assistant general superintendent and chief clerk of the railway mail service.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Mr. Sherman, from the committee on finance, reported a substitute for the bill "against trusts" in restraint of production, and it was placed on the calendar.

Among the pension bills reported was one giving a pension of $50 a month to Mrs. Stevens, daughter of Col. Baker, who was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

Immediately after the morning business the consideration of the urgent deficiency bill was resumed.

At the amendments having been disposed of the bill was passed.

On motion of Mr. Allison the vote of the Senate which yesterday agreed to the House amendment to the bill for a public building at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was reconsidered on account of some formality and the bill was reconcurred.

The Blair educational bill was then taken up as the "unfinished business," and Mr. Hawley addressed the Senate in opposition to it. Mr. Moody and Mr. Chandler spoke in favor of the bill, after which it went over till to-morrow.

The House amendments to the Oklahoma bill were non-concurred in and a conference ordered.

The following Senate bills for public buildings passed: Spokane Falls, Wash., $100,000; Walla Walla, Wash., $50,000; Saginaw, Mich., $250,000; Sioux Falls, S. Dak., $2 0,000; Tacoma, Wash., $100,000; Deadwood, S. Dak., $200,000; Seattle, Wash., $100,000.

Other bills were passed as follows:

The House bill to amend the act of July 1, 18 6, to authorize the Denison & Washita Valley Railroad company to construct and operate a railroad through the Indian Territory (with an amendment).

The Senate bill to authorize the secretary of the Interior to survey and mark the seventh standard parallel of Montana between the states of North and South Dakota.

The Senate bill to establish certain ports of delivery in Alaska territory (Mary Island, Wrangle, Juneau, Land Point, Kodiak and Unalaska).

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